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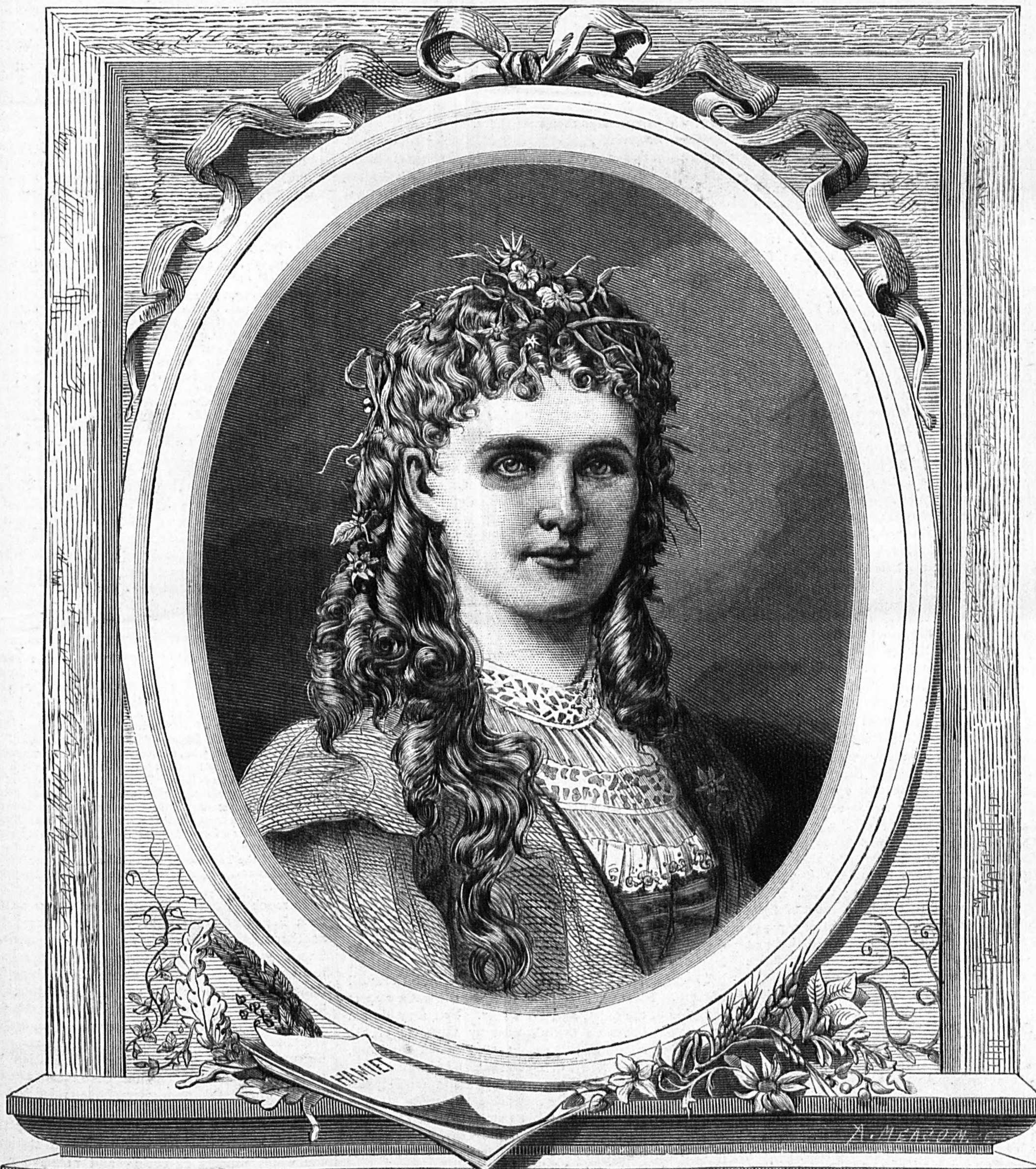


Mdlle. CHRISTINE NILSSON.

PICTURES
ON
ENGLISH RAILWAYS.

THE GREAT WESTERN.

WE propose to ourselves an interesting and important work. During the present and succeeding tourist seasons we shall publish a series of new and original drawings of the most picturesque nooks and corners of the United Kingdom. For this purpose we have engaged a special artist, who will either select for his pencil new subjects or treat familiar subjects from new points of view. His works will be accompanied by descriptive matter of local and general interest, together with useful hints for tourists, details of travel, notes on railway fares, and a variety of information which will increase the facilities already enjoyed by the public for visiting the most famous districts of our picturesque island. From time to time we hope to conduct the reader to "fresh woods and pastures new," not contenting ourselves with beaten tracks alone, but going out on pleasant voyages of discovery.

We commence our Tourist's Guide with a series of pictures on the Great Western line, the most famous of English railways. The tourists' tickets issued by this company enable passengers to travel by any train, including the express trains, except the limited mail, by which latter train they are available only on payment of the difference between the ordinary and express fares, as between London and Bristol. They are available for a month. They enable passengers to break their journey at several places on the route, both going and returning, and they may be extended on payment of ten per cent. for the first fortnight, and five per cent. for each week afterwards; they may be in this way extended, if the passengers wish it, up to the 31st of December. These tickets are issued up to and including the 31st of October. In addition to these tourist tickets, excursion trains are run at frequent intervals, at very low rates. The favourite train by which passengers travel to the West of England is the 11.45 express from Paddington, which, with the corresponding train up, have the reputation of being, and are actually, the fastest trains in the world. The 11.45 from Paddington runs through to Swindon, a distance of seventy-eight miles, without stopping, in one hour and twenty-seven minutes. Ten minutes are allowed at that station for refreshments, and the train leaves there at 1.22, calling at Bath at 1.58, Bristol 2.21, Taunton 3.20, arriving at Exeter at 4 o'clock. To show the superiority of the broad over the narrow gauge it may be stated that the South Western Railway also run quick trains as far as Exeter, and they perform the journey with difficulty in the same time, though the distance to Exeter by the South Western is shorter by twenty-four miles; and a comparison between the steady running and perfect ease of the broad gauge train with the shaking of the narrow gauge train running at a high rate of speed is very favourable to the broad gauge. That the passengers themselves feel it to be so is clear by the fact that the Great Western are carrying about four or five times the number of passengers that the South Western carry. This train, besides being the quickest, may be considered the safest train in the world, inasmuch as the most rigid instructions are given to the station-masters along the line of route, who are supplied with a special time table giving the time to a quarter of a minute when the train may be expected to pass. They are all required to see, not by deputy, but for themselves, that the line through their respective stations is absolutely clear of vehicles a given time before the train is due, and they themselves are to be on the spot to see the train pass. All goods and slow trains are shunted a certain time before the train passes, and if a goods train is about to start from a particular station, and there is not ample time for it to reach the next station ten minutes or a quarter of an hour before the express is due it is kept until the fast train has passed. From Plymouth the trains are not so quick, as most of them stop at nearly every station. This is necessary, partly from the fact that there are so many places of interest on the line to which tourists go, as it would otherwise be impossible to give a reasonable connection with the fast trains to and from London. Many passengers dine at Plymouth; an arrangement has been made with the Duke of Cornwall Hotel, and all passengers by the 9.15 train which arrives at Plymouth at 5.20 and goes on at 6.10, receive an indication that dinner is prepared on the arrival of that train. As three-quarters of an hour is allowed, of course they have ample time.

But what are the blessings and conveniences of the railway when compared with the attractions of this great western country through which the line runs? It takes the tourist to a land of romance—to a very picture gallery of nature. In spite of railways, in spite of the modern passion for travelling and exploring, only a few people of all these millions know anything of the rare beauties of Devon and Cornwall. Go when you will, even in the best favoured days of the holiday season, and some of the choicest nooks will seem to you like undiscovered places. There is, for example, about five miles of sea shore between Teignmouth and Torquay. Take your bag in your hand, and ramble along in and out of the bays and coves and glorious irregularities of that bit of sea border any day in these months of August and September, and the chances are that you will not see a couple of score of tourists. Yet, within the limits of that one little strip of Devonshire you shall stumble upon scenes of beauty the like of which you did not imagine were possible to be presented on ony portion of this island. The finger-posts will direct you to a famous cove, the first apparition whereof will make you breathe short for a moment by force of its marvellous beauty. It is a gem without alloy. The colouring seems laid on for effect, and the effect is perfect beyond the imitation of art. It is a bit of bright blue sea set in jewels. The miles of cliff seem to be built of precious stones. You climb round the ledges to catch the scene in different aspects, and every change in the point of view seems to improve the picture. You can better it everywhere and spoil it nowhere, for there is not a wrong side to it. It is hard to leave this little paradise of the picturesque, but your guide-book hurries you off to a neighbouring bay, where the rocks and cliffs are of white and dainty-hued marble and many coloured spars with sparkling facets, where the sea has formed caves and grottoes, and every form and every line and every disposition of colour is a form or line of beauty and a disposition of rare harmony, changing as the sun moves round, but never losing a charm so long as sunlight or moonlight falls upon the scene. When we say that such a country as this is not overrun by visitors, we relate that which, while it will surprise those who may be induced to spend a holiday in those localities, will not perhaps displease them.

Why, however, should we select special scenes, not yet visited by our artist, when our object just now is but to speak of the general character of those western counties as hunting ground for the tourist? This line of railroad takes us by way of Bath and Bristol to Exeter and Plymouth and the Land's End. It runs through South Devon, and from the carriage-windows may be seen many a delightful picture of nature's own. We will not dwell upon the country till we reach Devonshire. There are certain attractions in Somerset of which we may have to speak by and by, but it is not until we approach Exeter that the impression is forced upon us that we are running into the show counties of England. Then we begin to note the running of swift streams of clear water, between banks of crimson soil, rich with a deep green vegetation that makes a striking and harmonious contrast with the earth out of which it springs and over which it luxuriates. In Exeter itself, the "queen city of the west," the painter might spend his days and never exhaust the landscape subjects which lie around him within a couple of hours' walk. Quick hills run up on the very borders of the city, wherefrom may be seen broad plateaus of town and river, wood, village and garden, forming panoramas not easy to rival in this or any other land. The train, however, if we will, carries us at once past Exeter, and bears us for many miles along the edge of the ocean. There is a delightful whiff of salt water in the carriages. Here are the sunny waves running up, and you look out sometimes to see how near they come to the engine wheels. On your right is a blood-red cliff, down whose sides hang flowers and crops in festoons. Out in front is more blood-red, green-crowned hill, into which the train rushes, leaving behind for the moment the sunlight and the sweet plash of waves. So you dash on to Plymouth, the carriage windows framing pictures on either hand, now of the glad waters of the Channel, now of forest, now of fishing town, now of rushing streams, and now of fertile farms over which graze the oxen—the "Malborough reds"—long of body and broad of shoulder, which hold a desperate but hopeless rivalry with the beautifully formed dark-red cattle of the North Devon country. But go beyond Plymouth and prepare for other changes in the aspect of the land. Here you run along ledges of hills and look down upon almost bottomless ravines. Forests are hung between earth and heaven, fast running musical streams leap down the hill sides, and out in the distance moves the lazy gigantic pump, working the lead or copper mine.

There is no variety like that of Devon and Cornwall scenery. From the rough and terrible it is but a step to the gentle, the quiet, and the sweet. You may dream away your hours on the pastures by the side of the Upper Teign or the Dart, or you may mount the giant, terrible granite "tors" of Dartmoor, and imagine yourself in the position of Faust meeting his friend Mephistopheles, with winds, keen as from the poles, raging around you. There are spots on and about Dartmoor which almost make you forget the civilised world and its petty doings in this brief period of four thousand years. Dartmoor, somehow, brings you face to face afresh with creation. It is a specimen cut out of the chaotic face of this planet before it was habitable. These hard mountains of primeval granite, from whose tops you may look upon the English Channel on the one side and the Bristol Channel on the other, were, the naturalists will tell you, the rocks that made the breakers of the old ocean which once rolled over this scene, and not much change has come upon this infertile bed of the sea. Yet time enough has been for races and religions to rise and flourish and pass away; for around the bases of these "tors" are Druid circles and cromlechs, and the remains of old British temples, and the whole history of England is reduced to a span under your eyes. But the waters will lead you back to civilisation and modern dates. Across the silent, tenantless valley you may listen, and hear presently the sound of a falling brook. The little stream is leaping over a deep gap in the granite hill side. It runs on and down and joins other currents, and presently forms a river which, if you follow it, will carry your footsteps past much marvellously beautiful scenery. He who has followed the Dart or the Teign from lofty moors through valleys of mountainous land to their alliance with the sea at Teignmouth or at Dartmouth, will carry home with him such a series of pictures as will never leave his mind without delightful visions to recall the unsurpassed beauties of the scenery of old England.

We will deal no further in generalities to-day, but take a look at the two pictures our artist has sent in with which to commence the series. The first, on page 357, is a scene at

LAND'S END.

It is scarcely a question of selecting subjects for the pencil at this point. The artist may make himself a seat anywhere and begin to sketch the view before him. This picture represents the piles of granite and limestone known as "Dr. Johnson's Rock" and "The Armed Knight's Rock." The day should be comparatively calm for the quiet enjoyment of this sublime scene. When the winds are out the traveller finds it hard indeed to keep his footing. This is the furthest point of our tourist's journey, for it is the westerly extremity of Britain, and these black cliffs were the joyful signal to the ancient Phœnicians, coming hither to trade with the Celts for tin, that their navigation had brought them successfully to the end of their voyage. We will quote from one of the best written of guide books a description of the scene at Land's End:—

> The huge rugged rocks, forming a barrier to the tumultuous sea, with the immense expanse of the latter, and its ceaseless motion and noise; the constantly changeful effects of light and shade playing on the surface of the deep; the numerous ships sailing in all directions; the various aquatic birds which wildly scream at the sight of man, though still pursuing their propensities in seeking after their marine prey, are so many characteristics of this scene which cannot fail to rivet the attention and excite the astonishment and admiration of every stranger. In the most tranquil weather its effects on the imagination are truly sublime; but when the tempest rages it is awful, appalling, and terrifically grand; it seems as if the elements of earth, water, and air were engaged in a desperate war of extermination, and that nature was involved in the issue.

KYNANCE COVE.

Our second illustration of the scenery of Cornwall, on page 356, represents Kynance Cove. It is a glorious spot, somewhat sheltered from the fury of the storm by that broken bar of stone, certain of whose projections have, from their singularity of form, received the names of the "Bellows," and the "Post-office." Kynance Cove is at some distance from Land's End, in the vicinity of the ancient town of Helstone. From Besley's "Handbook of Western Cornwall" we extract the following description of the cove and its surroundings:—

> This brings us close to Kynance Cove, the gem of this interesting coast scene. Here several objects of peculiar interest await the visitor. These are the peculiarly arched rocks and caves, the latter respectively called "The Kitchen," "Parlour," and "Drawing-room." A mass of rock called "Asparagus Island" is furnished with a curious blow-hole, named the "Devil's Bellows," and the "Post-office." To see the action of these, which is exceedingly interesting, the visitor should be careful to time his arrival at the cave when the tide is either at half ebb or flow. The serpentine rocks in the cove are worthy of careful attention, presenting hues of great variety and beauty, fragments of which are manipulated into numerous articles for ornament and use. This little cove has received additional interest from the visit paid to it by the late Prince Albert and the Royal children in 1846. Above Kynance is a towering cliff, called the Tar Box, then another called the Yellow Carn, and Innis Vean, or the Lion rock, a detached lofty mass rent from the mainland.

To reach the cove the tourist should take an omnibus from Penzance to Helstone, whence, during the season, another runs to a charming hotel at the Lizards, wherefrom excursions are made under the care of a guide, who is a necessary companion; as the cove is dangerous and treacherous to those who are not acquainted with its many nooks and caves. Enchanted with the spot, the visitor may be induced to wander on alone, but the tide sometimes, rushing in all round the outer mass of rocks, not unfrequently cuts off all communication with the entrance to the cove. At the cove there are two cottages, where tea and general refreshments can be obtained at moderate charges. The Lizard and the Bumble Rock will equally repay the visitor for the walk. There is also at that spot a little pilchard station, where the whole process of curing and preserving the fish can be seen almost daily.

"There is no medicine at the present day I value so highly as the Pain Killer. I have used it in my family for years, and in every instance it has proved a sovereign remedy. I tested its virtue to-day on a severe burn, and found it all that could be desired. I cannot praise it too highly.—A. D. MILNE, Editor *Messenger*, N.Y.—To Perry Davis & Son, London, W.C."

OUR LONDON NOTE BOOK.

The London School Board.

Last week we took note of the members occupying seats at the Chairman's table. The remainder sit on the benches running at right angles with his lordship's chair. Down the centre stands the reporters' table. There is quite a little army of the representatives of the Press. They are principally from the London daily newspapers, and all they want is about three-quarters of a column of matter from a meeting whose business takes from three o'clock til! past six to transact. Do the general run of readers of daily newspapers understand this? A meeting begins punctually at three o'clock. Before five minutes have elapsed the minutes have been presented and signed, and somebody is on his legs making a speech. He is followed by another, and a third orator takes up the wondrous tale. Resolutions are proposed and seconded. Amendment follows amendment. Every address has probably cost the speaker some hours of private cogitation. He may or he may not have written his oration and learned it by heart, but it is quite certain that he has conned over his chief points with great care and forethought. Now, it may not be patent to the ordinary reader, but it is clear to every man who understands the principles which govern the transaction of public business, that if all these speeches, and resolutions, and amendments were recorded in the newspapers the report would occupy from eight to ten columns of the *Times* or the *Daily Telegraph*. Nevertheless, the report of the proceedings fills only three quarters of a column of the most generous of the daily journals next morning. The reporters know their business. While Professor Huxley or the Rev. Canon Cromwell is delivering himself of a well-considered oration, the gentlemen of the press are writing out a few salient points from the remarks of the previous speaker, whereof there are some straggling short-hand notes on the margin of the reporter's copy paper. The printers will pay no attention to the hieroglyphics on the margin of the copy. All they will give heed to is the little square mass of manuscript in the centre of the slip. That is the writer's clever condensation. The reporter is summarising a document, or picking out the heart of a "scheme," while a great speaker is addressing the chair. He keeps one ear open to the oration while he writes. Now and then a something which will especially interest the public is spoken, and the writer stops for a moment in his task to put down a brief memorandum of the point. That appears in mysterious characters, in lines an inch and a-half long, next the edge of the paper on which he is condensing documents, and, if he writes closely, perhaps the note will be written out and credited to the speaker on the lower half of the same slip of paper. The general reader will imagine that that is the substance of the honourable gentleman's speech, but it is, in fact, nothing more than a sentence extracted from the address, perhaps almost at random; and, possibly, it may be only a set of words which seem, to the mind of the listener—very much otherwise engaged—to contain, if not the pith of the speech, at least a fair indication of the line of argument advanced.

That is what is going on upon each side of the long table which occupies the centre of the room. To many of the members of the Board this is rather cruel work. Each man has an opinion more or less distinct and decided; and, as the proceedings are made public, he would like the world to know the ground he takes, why he takes it, and how he qualifies his position. These are vain aspirations. He will hardly know what he meant himself when he sees his name in print, and he will despair of the public forming any just conception of the course he pursued or the end he was aiming at. Nevertheless, if we set aside the feelings of individuals and the hopes and aspirations and ambitions of orators, the reports do really convey to the public the drift of the proceedings. The gentlemen of the press know what they are about. Their minds are trained to follow the thin sharp line of substance that runs through the middle of all the verbiage; and he who reads the three-quarters of a column next morning, though he may not do justice to the gentlemen who made speeches, will have a pretty fair notion of the business that was transacted and of the mode in which the controversial points were discussed.

Having devoted our attention to the reporters' table we will go no further this week, but we will drop in upon the Metropolitan Board some other quiet Wednesday afternoon and take observation of the mode in which the members address themselves to the business which, under the Elementary Education Act of 1870, has been placed before them.

The Artist of the Teetotal Cause.

Total abstinence has many professors and a large number of advocates, but it has only one artist. For two or three generations a gentleman of high distinction, and of great respect in the eyes of the world, has been known as the representative of teetotalism in the regions of the fine arts. Mr. George Cruikshank was the author of "The Bottle," and he is the painter of that great picture, which now belongs to the nation, which pourtrays, on an immense area of canvas, all the ills which can possibly befall the man, woman, or child who indulges, in a smaller or a larger degree, in the vice of drinking beer, wines, and spirituous liquors. Mr. George Cruikshank, as an example of the virtues of total abstinence, lives long; and, whether we drink or whether we eschew the bottle, we are all pleased from time to time to hear that he is still hale and hearty, and still a shining light in the walk which he has chosen in the moral world. We therefore feel sure our readers will be pleased with the following extract from the letter of a London correspondent to a country newspaper, which forms a sort of bulletin of the health and present condition of the author of "The Bottle." The writer is speaking of the recent Alexandra Park dinner:—

> I had the good fortune to sit next to Mr. George Cruikshank, who, being a distinguished guest, replied to the toast of "The Visitors." The wines were excellent, but the great artist confined himself to cold water. In the course of our conversation he told me he had been a teetotaller for twenty-three years, and that he had abstained from smoking for the same period. We naturally talked of the Scott Centenary, and Mr. Cruikshank mentioned an interesting circumstance in connection with the statue in Edinburgh. It seems that Scott, one day, when on a country ramble, was attracted by the artistic genius of a poor rustic lad. He requested him to come and live in Edinburgh, and in time the youth whom the novelist patronised became a famous sculptor. When the Scott monument was proposed the sculptor requested the privilege of carving the statue, and the request was granted. Mr. Cruikshank was himself born in Edinburgh, though there is no trace of his Scotch origin in his speech. "I have Highland blood in me on my mother's side which entitles me to wear kilts," said he, "but I did not wear them at the Waverley ball given to the Prince of Wales the other day, because I thought the costume ridiculous." Although an octogenarian, our living Hogarth is still as active and energetic as a man in the prime of life. "I am going to the great Temperance Festival at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday," said he, "and I have promised to be at the Scott Centenary banquet which is to be held in London." His industry and activity are indeed an example to many young men "of the period."

COUNTRY LIFE.

"No Play."

Since some of the London papers are taking up very warmly the cause of poor school children and others pining for an annual treat, we will seize the opportunity of introducing a little discord into the harmony which seems to prevail on the subject. The benevolent are subscribing money by hatfuls to pay the expenses of sending the young folks out to the country in caravans. The streets are made noisy during the morning at this season by shouting young holiday-makers crowded into omnibuses and brakes. Rain, wind, or sunshine seems all the same to them. It is impossible to cast a damper upon their glee by any of the ordinary devices of the elements. Let us see what may be done in that direction by invoking the spirit of a Sunday school teacher in Norfolk.

The gentleman in question is the author of a letter to the *Norfolk News*. He writes from a Norfolk village named Heigham, and signs himself "J. J. Hook." His subject is "The Morality of Sunday School Treats." This is how he begins:—

> Sir,—Having been a constant reader of your paper I have taken an interest in reading the reports you give us of the various treats in connection with our Sunday schools. I have been a teacher for upwards of twenty years, and have been to several of these meetings, but have been always disappointed with them. I never saw any good come from any of them.

He then tells the doleful story of a Sunday school treat he was recently induced to attend. The narrative is a long one. We can only pick out a few points. The party, it seems, travelled by steamboat down a river to the place of assembly. Having reached the destination, Mr. Hook heard that one of the little boys had fallen and broken his arm. Presently a young woman fell partly into the river. Next he positively saw ministers of the Gospel and Sunday school teachers smoking cigars and pipes, and little boys following their example. In the barge where the tea was provided he was shocked to notice the boys playing at mock-sparring, and some threw strawberry tops at each other. During tea a little girl was brought in and stripped, having fallen into the water and got soaked. In journeying along the river the children sang hymns, but this was not edifying to Mr. Hook, for "many of the words they sang were not true, nor ever will be unless they are converted to God." After that a time of terror set in for this gentleman; for the barge was not skilfully handled, and "the man at the wheel was fond of strong drink." The perils of getting ashore were so terrible that we will quote the passage:—

> There seemed to be no official to moor the barge, and the party were in such a great hurry to go ashore, so some person put a mopstick down at the bow, another held her stern with the quant; the deal was pulled on shore by some one, and so the party got safely landed. Shortly after, the tug is attached to the barge again, and without any warning the barge is drawn away, the deal goes overboard, the quant is left sticking in the mud, and I suppose the mop was drowned, for I did not see it afterwards. All this confusion was going on just as a wherry in full sail was coming up the reach, I should think not more than ten yards off, so that it was with difficulty they could clear each other. It was done, but not without some slang, which was not fit for grown-up people, much more Sunday school children, to hear.

These facts must be very harrowing to the feelings of all right-minded and serious people. It is particularly painful to us to think that the wherry and the barge did not clear each other without "some slang." We will quote a few short, incidental passages:—

> At eight o'clock the children seemed to show an anxiety to go home, so we allowed them to get on to the barge. But where is the tug? She is gone to the Wood's End. You say what for? I say after strong drink; and when they did come back they were as much fit to take charge of that cargo as I am fit to drive a railway engine.
>
> I have said I do not know much about the deep waters, and I find we have allowed these children to get on to the barge, and she hard and fast aground. Imagine my feelings when I saw the mistake I had made, for the want of a proper person telling me better. When I saw the night was coming on and the cargo we had, it made me tremble.
>
> I felt it was my duty to keep a sharp look out, so I came home standing at the barge's bow. It was, I consider, attended with danger all the way, for I kept complaining of the way in which the tug was kept hugging the shore while the barge was floating in the middle of the river. So we were drawn about on the water, and took up half the river. During the passage home the poor man at the wheel was obliged to come forward to get a glass of strong drink.
>
> Now I will tell you where the master was. Why, he seems to have got such a good run for the sale of his strong drink that he has no time for anything else. Can you believe me, Sir, if I tell you that the supply did not appear equal to the demand, for I saw the cask tilted to its utmost extremity? In the position I took I could see nearly all that was doing in the drinking apartment. I beg to mention one case—a respectable looking man, I do not know if he was a teacher, drank off his pint as well as a coal porter could do. I asked him when he came out if he was not ashamed of himself to drink beer like that before a lot of Sunday school children.

Yet they all got safe home, and, as far as we may judge from the tone of the concluding part of the letter, the company generally laboured under the delusion that they had enjoyed a very pleasant treat. Not so our friend, for he says:—

> I shall be glad if any of the preachers, teachers, or friends can inform the public of the good resulting from such treats, for I am still of an opinion that they are of a God-dishonouring character. You may tell me that this was an exception. I beg very respectfully to say that I could give you another, compared to which this is but child's play.

We hope our readers will bring this narrative of horrors and calamities in Norfolk under the attention of school children. Possibly it may convince them of the folly and "immorality" of school treats.

The Last Touch.

We suppose everybody has read a good many newspaper reports of public dinners; and most people are familiar with the two or three stereotyped phrases with which the reporter is wont to round off his account of the proceedings. The late toasts are run together briefly, and we are given to understand that the party broke up merrily at a late hour. It was not quite so in the case of the fifty-ninth anniversary dinner of the Oxford College Servants' Benefit Society, held a few days ago. We will not quote any of the speeches. Our only extract shall be the last three or four lines of the report:—

> Some other complimentary toasts were drunk, including "The health of the Surgeon, Mr. Hitchings," who had left the tent, and "The Press," after which the company were photographed by Mr. Guggenheim.

We are not sure this practice would be a wise innovation at public dinners. If the company are to be photographed *in situ*, we would recommend that the operation take place at an earlier stage of the proceedings. It has been our fortune to be present on a great many of these interesting occasions, and we are bound to confess that in a large number of instances the photographer would find it very difficult to pose his subjects at the end of the toast list. We were about to add that the fact of Mr. Guggenheim having successfully photographed this party under those rather unfavourable circumstances seems highly creditable to the character for sobriety and decorum of the College Servants. But we may be speaking too fast; we have not seen the photograph.

The London and County Bank.—The half-yearly meeting of the subscribers to this prosperous corporation was held at the City Terminus Hotel, Cannon-street, on the 3rd inst., Mr. William Champion Jones in the chair. From the report, it appears that the net profits of the half-year amount to upwards of £90,000, enabling the directors to declare a dividend of six per cent., with a bonus of three per cent. for the half-year, free of income tax, being at the rate of 18 per cent. per annum, and leaving £4,449 17s. 4d. to be carried forward to profit and loss new account. It was announced that Mr. John William Burmester has retired from the board of directors, and that Mr. Frederick Youle had succeeded to his place.

The Pirate.—We give three sketches on page 353 illustrating the career of a pirate. The first picture shows the robber ship standing out in the bay, with the pirates taking their smuggled goods aboard in boats. It is a fine morning, the sun shines brightly, and all seems prosperous and fair. In the second sketch we have the ship in danger. She is in a storm, with her canvas torn, and followed by a revenue cutter. But after a storm cometh a calm, and the third illustration shows the old boat after many years. The pirates are dead, the smuggling is over, and the ship lies falling to pieces on the shore, of no use whatever but to make a picture in the landscape.

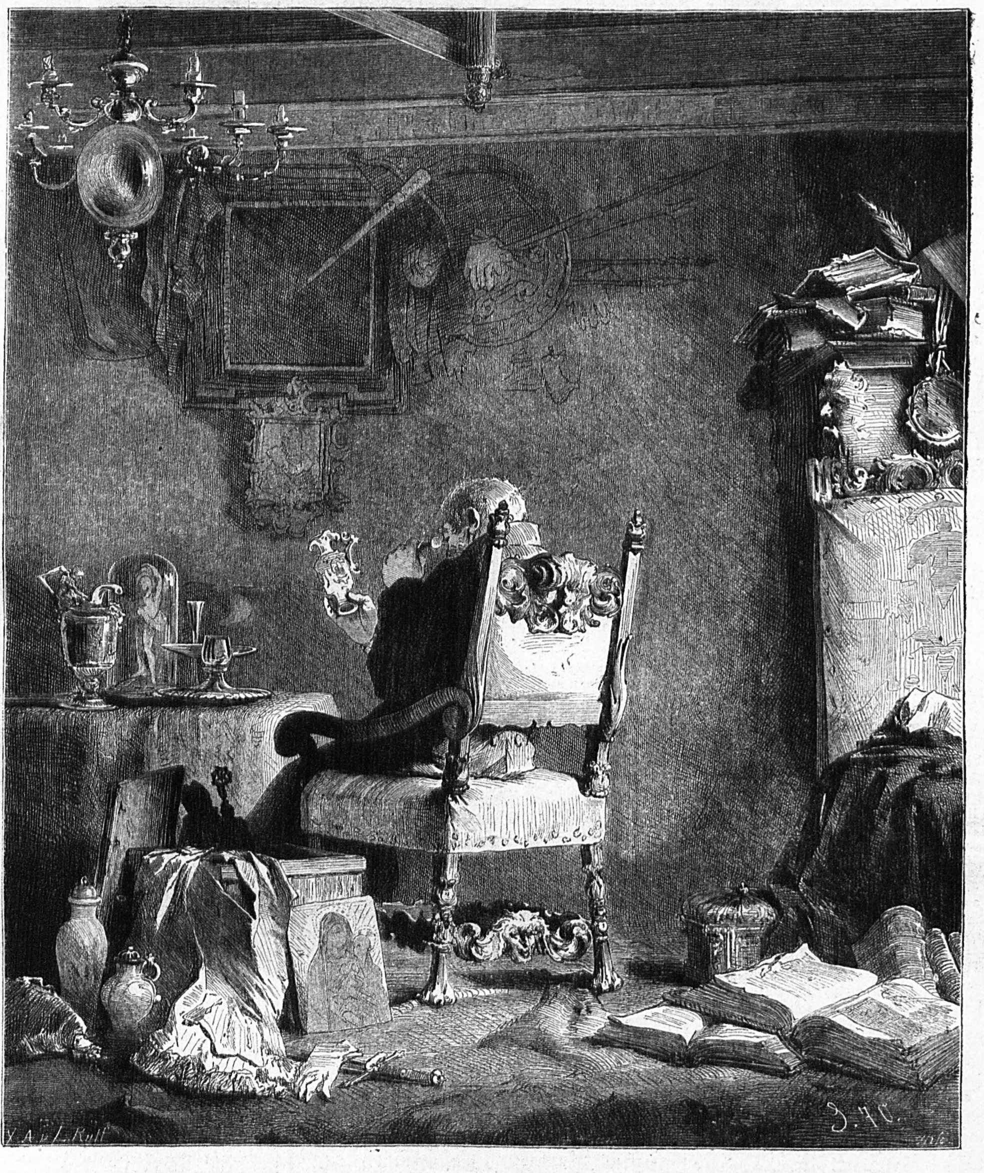
Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Constant Success.—No diseases are more trying to the temper or more exhausting to the constitution than the pains in the muscles and joints caused by exposure to wet or cold. Wherever the seat of suffering, it will only be necessary to foment the affected part with warm water, dry thoroughly, and immediately rub in Holloway's inestimable Ointment to obtain ease. Gout, rheumatism, neuralgia, and tic-doloreux are soon relieved, and ultimately cured, by the use of this unequalled unguent, aided by Holloway's purifying and aperient Pills. Whenever persons subject to gout or rheumatic gout feel unusually nervous, weak, exhausted, or out of sorts, they should instantly resort to this treatment, which will avert the threatened attack.

THE ANTIQUARY.

THE reader, without being told, might imagine our picture to portray an antiquary. Quite right; the old gentleman does represent an antiquary—one who was probably a friend of Mr. Oldbuck, the famous Laird of Monkbarns. There he is in his strange study, sitting in his fine old chair, poring reverently over Latin inscriptions quaint and curious. Floor, walls, and ceiling are crowded with antiquarian relics. There is nothing new in the man or his surroundings; and you can see that "wisdom and cunning have their shares in him;" that he is "shrewd and prudent," and a lover of—

> —— books of fables, graced with prints of wood,
> Or else the jingling of a rusty medal,
> Or the rare melody of some old ditty,
> That first was sung to please King Pepin's cradle.

One of the pupils of Antisthenes asked the master what philosophy had taught him. "To live with myself," said he. An antiquary can live alone, and love it. Do not pity him, and think him a poor lonely man; in all probability he chuckles over his own great enjoyments, and sighs for the rest of the world. He is supremely happy amongst his worn yellow parchments, or "measuring decayed intrenchments, making plans of ruined castles, or reading illegible inscriptions." He loves books, although a sensational novel of the period would not please him. He is withal an author himself, and capable of writing "essays on medals in proportion of twelve pages to each letter of the legend." We are not personally acquainted with any fine old antiquary, but if our readers have not already made the acquaintance of Mr. Oldbuck, we advise them to do so at once. He is not in the flesh now. You may, however, read of him in one of the "Waverley Novels," and this will enable you to see him distinctly in your mind's eye. He is an entertaining old gentleman, and you will not forget him.



THE ANTIQUARY.

THE HUMAN MIND AND THE HUMAN HAND.

THE human foot is far superior as a mechanical instrument, for general purposes, to the paws or feet of any animal, except those of apes and monkeys. The human hand has, however, peculiarities of construction which render it one of the most wonderful pieces of mechanism in existence, and capable of being applied to a greater variety of uses than any other machine, whether natural or artificial. It is, however, not of the anatomy of the hand that we would speak. The celebrated surgeon Bell found it easy to write a large volume upon the human hand. Surely we would be rash to attempt an elaborate discussion of such a fertile subject in a single article. Our intention is merely to notice the mutual dependence of the human mind and the human hand upon each other, and to point out the fact, overlooked by most people, that, without his perfect hand, man could never have taken the rank he now enjoys as the mental superior of all other animals.

It is an admitted fact that the human intellect has increased in knowledge by civilisation. To-day there may be found savage races of men whose intelligence is not far above that of our domestic dog, or of the wild apes. But now, were it possible to take any one of these races, and transform their hands and feet into such imperfect paws as those possessed by the dog, and then isolate this species from all other races, in some situation where coarse food could be obtained sufficient to sustain life, who can believe that such a race of beings would ever make a single advance towards civilisation?

The chief of all the elements of human progress is written language. By its aid we are enabled to accumulate knowledge, and to concentrate, so to speak, in the present, wisdom acquired in the past. It is absolutely impossible to accomplish this through the medium of spoken language. Let any one who wishes to gain an adequate idea of the relative power of written and spoken language, visit some great library, and, wandering through its alcoves, judge what manner of man he would be who could carry in his mind the facts recorded in the books of a single department, not to speak of the entire collection. And could we suppose such a prodigy possible, how limited would be his power of oral instruction compared to that which books possess, reaching, as they do, generation after generation of readers!

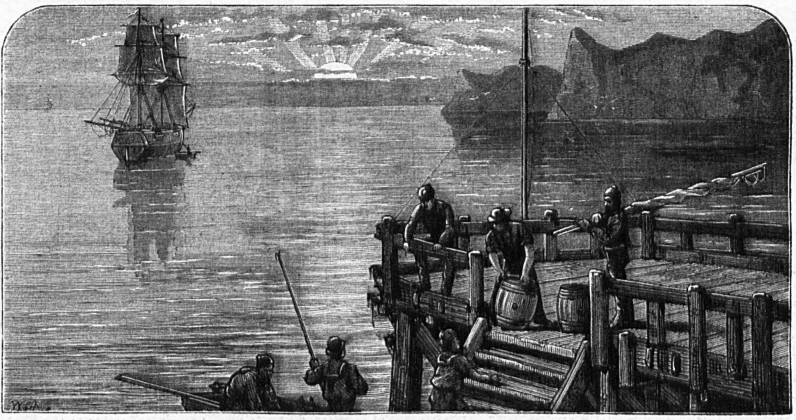
But written language and books and libraries would never have existed without the human hand. We are apt to consider spoken language as the principal and most important avenue through which ideas are communicated. It *is* the principal avenue, but, considered with reference to human progress, it is not the most important. The highest conceptions in art, science, and philosophy, find expression in written language through the hand. This language is not necessarily that by which ordinary ideas are conveyed. It may be a language of colour or form, or both, on the painter's canvas, the sculptor's model, the architect's drawing paper, or the machinist's handiwork. It may be a language of sound in the score of the musician. Whatever the hand does, it speaks a language which is a clear index to the thought which guides it, whether its work be rude or refined.

But the hand is not only an avenue of expression; it is one of the doors through which we obtain a very large proportion of our objective knowledge. In fact, it is the vehicle, so to speak, which brings objects within the reach of the other organs of sense, while it is capable of determining much unaided by any other organ. More than this, the hand has been able to supplement the powers of other organs by the construction of instruments which greatly enlarge the scope of natural sensation.

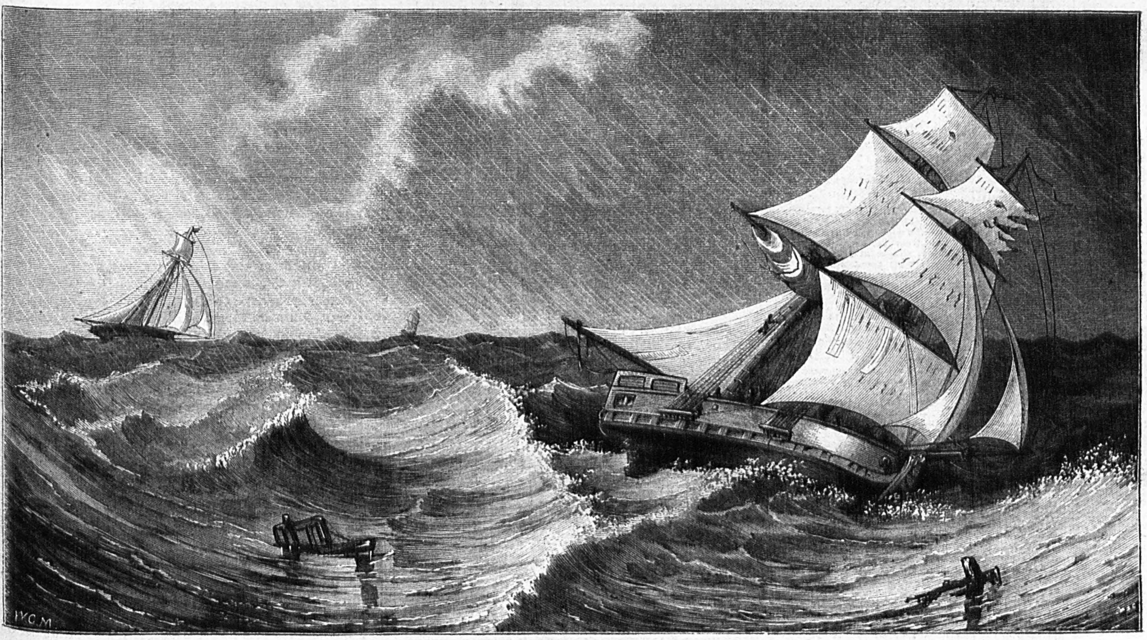
The eye has discovered much, but these discoveries have been made possible by the microscope, the telescope, and the spectroscope, which only the human hand could construct. The human ear has explored the mysteries of sound, but only through the help of the monochord, the siren, and other instruments which the hand provided.

We see, then, that the hand is the chief executive of the mind. When the mind wants to call anything to the aid of any of the senses, the order is issued through the hand, which forthwith summons and coerces the brute forces of nature into obedience. Through its energy crude materials are subjected to battering, to grinding, to fiery heat, and finally are compelled to assume the required forms, and take their place in the army of implements and instruments by which the mind forces its way deeper and deeper into nature's labyrinth of wonders. When the mind wants to express its conceptions, the hand is its ready servant, to write, to print, to paint, to carve.

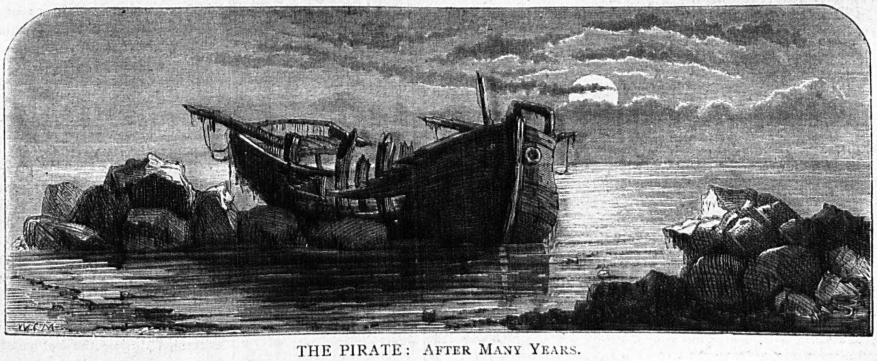
There is another point connected with this view of the intimate mutual dependence of mind and hand, namely, that the mind of one may direct the hands of others, and *vice versâ*; so that skilled minds may always find skilled hands, and skilled hands may not lack for skilled minds, though both may not be possessed by the same person. The greatest works are accomplished through such associations of mental with manual skill. Surely, then, the skilled hand is entitled to a place of honour with the skilled mind. Neither can do without the other, and human progress cannot dispense with either.—*Scientific American*.



THE PIRATE: ALL'S WELL.



THE PIRATE: DANGER.



THE PIRATE: AFTER MANY YEARS.

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This Soap is invaluable. THE PERFUME IS RICH AND ENDURING. Prices 4d. and 6d. per Tablet; and in Boxes of Three Cakes, 1s. and 1s. 6d. the Box.

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THE ALEXANDRA PALACE AND MUSWELL HILL ESTATE TONTINE. To terminate on the 30th of June, 1886. This being a "Trust," Subscribers incur no liability.

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A (or Single Right)	Certificates	each	£1 1 0	Payable on application.
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C (or 25 Right)	Do.	,,	26 5 0	
D (or 50 Right)	Do.	,,	52 10 0	
E (or 100 Right)	Do.	,,	105 0 0	

CERTIFICATES PASS TO AND ENTITLE THE BEARER:—

1. To participation in the proceeds of sale of the property if the representative life upon which the Tontine privilege depends shall be living on June 30, 1886.
2. To the receipt from a Life Assurance of the sum of 20s. in respect of each guinea paid upon any certificate, if the representative life shall die before the said June 30, 1886.
3. To admissions to the Palace and Park, according to the number of Rights.
4. To participation in Art Union Distributions proposed to be hereinafter established. (As explained in detail in the full Prospectus.)

The acceptance of a certificate involves no liability. The rights and privileges of Certificate-holders are governed by the Trust Deed.

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Secretary—THOMAS DIXON, Esq.

OFFICES—5 & 6, GREAT WINCHESTER STREET BUILDINGS.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

CONTRACT FOR PURCHASE OF PROPERTY.—An advantageous Contract has been concluded for the purchase, free from incumbrance, of the Alexandra Palace Park and Lands adjoining, situate at Muswell Hill, Hornsey, in the county of Middlesex (comprising about 470 acres of Freehold and 28 acres of Leasehold Land), and the contents of the Palace, for the sum of £675,000. Of this amount £450,000 may remain on security of the Property for five years, represented by Mortgage and Debentures.

OBJECT OF TONTINE: THE INSTITUTION.—The object of the Tontine is to complete the purchase and improve the property, and thus to provide for all classes of the Inhabitants of the Metropolis, and especially of its Northern and Eastern portions and suburbs, and for the many thousands of Country Excursionists, a Grand Institution of healthful recreation and elevating instruction, which will combine the solid advantages of the South Kensington Museum and Schools of Art with the lighter pleasures and pastimes of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, thus giving effect to the large and enlightened views of the late Prince Consort.

ART UNIONS.—In furtherance of this design, it is proposed to inaugurate a series of Exhibitions, Art Unions, and Distributions, to the support of which, and as soon as the necessary power can be obtained for the purpose, it is proposed that the chief portion of the profits of the Park and Palace, after making proper provision for management, improvement, and other charges, should be applied.

It is intended to apply to Parliament for power to devote part or the whole of the surplus income to Art Union Distributions, to be held every third year during the term of the Tontine, and to appropriate a number or chance in each Distribution to every Certificate in respect of every 21s. paid thereon. It is estimated that the fund for distribution will amount triennially to £100,000, and the prizes will range from £500 to £2.

SINGLE CERTIFICATES MAY OBTAIN PRIZES OF £500 EACH FOR 21s.—The value represented by the Prize Tickets is to be applied wholly in the selection of articles contained in the Alexandra Art Union Exhibitions, and it will be seen that it is possible for the holder of a single right Certificate to receive Five Prizes of £500 each for his investment of 21s.

INSURANCE OF CERTIFICATE-HOLDERS.—An established Insurance Company has agreed, in consideration of the payment to them of a premium of one shilling for every A (or single right) Certificate, and so on in proportion for any plural rights certificate (*i.e.*, one shilling for each right), to pay to the holder £1 for each guinea paid on such certificate upon the death of the representative life in respect of which the Tontine privileges depend, if such death happens before June 30, 1886, provided that such Certificate shall not have been previously surrendered, or the bearer of such Certificate for the time being shall not have drawn a prize in an Art Union Distribution in respect of the right representing such guinea. Such premium will be paid out of the Tontine funds.

TONTINE WILL CEASE JUNE 30, 1886: PROPERTY THEN TO BE DISTRIBUTED.—Upon June 30, 1886, the Tontine will absolutely cease; and as soon as may be after that date the whole of the property will be realised, and the net proceeds will be distributed amongst the Tontineers or Certificate-holders.

CONTRIBUTORS INCUR NO LIABILITY, AND MUST BENEFIT.—Thus every subscriber of 21s. and upwards to the Tontine, or the holder for the time being of his Certificate (the same not having been previously surrendered), will, in addition to the privileges of entry to the Park and Palace as enumerated in the full Prospectus, obtain the repayment, in case of the death of the representative life or lives, of 20s. in respect of every 21s. paid by such subscriber, or will have previously drawn a prize of at least £2 in the Art Union Distribution in respect of such 21s. subscription, and will, when the Tontine ceases, have, in respect of each of his rights of which the representative life shall be then in existence, the right to a share in the proceeds of the Tontine property. Looking at the rapidly-increasing value of Building Land near London, there can be no doubt that at the expiration of the Tontine, in 15 years, the property to be then distributed amongst the holders of Certificates entitled to participate will be of enormous value.

PROPERTY VESTED IN TRUSTEES.—All the landed property to be acquired for the purposes of the Tontine will be vested in the Trustees upon trust, to permit the Management Company to manage the same, and upon the termination of the Tontine (June 30, 1886), or so soon after as may be convenient, to sell the Tontine property and distribute the proceeds.

DEEDS.—The Purchase Contract, the Trust Deed, the Insurance Contract, and the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Management Company may be perused at the Offices of the Solicitors.

PROSPECTUSES.—Prospectuses (with an outline sketch of the Palace) and Forms of Application for Certificates may be obtained of the SECRETARY, at the Offices of the Tontine, of the Brokers, of the Bankers, and at the various Branches, as well as of the Solicitors.

Agencies for the receipt of Applications will shortly be advertised.

APPLICATIONS FOR CERTIFICATES.—Applications for Certificates must for the present be left with the Bankers at the time of the payment of the deposit, and no application will be noticed unless the sum of 21s., in respect of each single right, or the amounts specified for plural rights applied for as above stated, shall have been paid.

If no issue is made the subscriptions will be returned in full.

For full particulars see detailed Prospectuses, which with the forms of application for certificates can be obtained of the Bankers and their Branches, the Solicitors and Brokers, and at the Offices of the Tontine, as above.

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CHANDELIERS in BRONZE and ORMOLU.
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BIRMINGHAM Manufactory and Show Rooms, Broad Street. [374

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

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WHOLESALE AGENT—WILLIAM GILMOUR, 80, WOOD STREET, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON. [377

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J. GRIERSON,
General Manager.

Paddington Station. [449

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THE Illustrated NEWSPAPER

LONDON, AUGUST 12, 1871.

FROM its title and the burlesque reports which we have had of its principles, the Shaker community has been held in contempt by the world at large. Our first introduction to the Shakers may be said to have come from the mirth-stirring pen of ARTEMUS WARD. Presently, however, we had a sober history of the sect in Mr. HEPWORTH DIXON'S graphic story of "New America." The Shakers, it would seem, desire to be further known. They are courting popularity. Elder FREDERICK W. EVANS has come all the way from Mount Lebanon, in North America, to London, for the purpose of discoursing upon the principles of his order. Mr. HEPWORTH DIXON occupied the chair at a large and interesting meeting in St. George's Hall, Langham-place, on Sunday evening. Elder EVANS gave a curious and interesting history of himself and his order. The community was founded almost a century ago by ANN LEE, a woman who professed to see many visions, and who, having been imprisoned and nearly starved in her cell at Manchester, crossed over to America to disseminate there the principles of the revelation which she considered had been made to her. The Elder, whom the *Times* describes as an ascetic-looking man, a little over sixty years of age, commenced life as a Materialist, but some forty years ago he visited the Shakers, and, touched with the spiritual nature of their lives, had thrown in his lot with them. He said they were what might be termed religious Communists; that they laboured with their own hands, practised celibacy, had no lawyers and no doctors, but tried to serve GOD by leading lives of usefulness to their brethren. The Quakers in England are more nearly approximated than any other sect to the Shaker community, being, as the Elder described them, lovers of peace, harmony, sobriety, and non-resistance by war. The speaker uttered an emphatic warning to England, reminding us that other empires and cities as large and as powerful as our own had perished by the sword. It would be well, he said, for England, if she would trust less in the sword and more in GOD, and do more to cultivate the light of GOD'S Spirit, which alone could make a people happy and contented, and secure strict justice between man and man. We live in strange, eventful times. It is curious enough that such a community as the Shakers should exist, but more curious still that one of their chiefs should come to England as a missionary, to be supported, as we understand, by a new journal called *The Shaker*. We shall be much mistaken if this new periodical does not, at the outset, obtain a sort of fictitious circulation as a comical periodical. The title is altogether unfortunate, although we doubt not the paper will contain many useful and valuable maxims that will commend themselves, apart from Shakerism, to men of all classes and of every variety of opinion.

IT is pleasant to turn from scenes of war and bloodshed to quiet landscapes and refreshing studies of tourists' haunts. We inaugurate this week a special set of pictures on our English railways. Everybody is asking everybody else where to go. The sunshine of the past week is sending London away to the sea by every train. Our country friends in town and city are also moving towards the coast. Those who are undecided as to the locale of their summer holiday cannot do better than visit the scenes which we depict in our paper this week. A variety of interesting information upon the subject will be found in another part of our paper. From week to week we hope to keep our readers posted up in connection with the beauties of Devon and Cornwall. Change of scene is necessary both for the body and the mind. It is a healthy fashion, that which takes us from our ordinary occupations into the country at least once a year, and we are glad to notice, in connection with this prevailing fashion, a growing desire to assist the poor children of London to an occasional day's excursion during the hot weather. We heartily commend to all our readers the numerous appeals which are made in the London daily papers, by clergymen and others, for their infant and Sunday school excursions. The facilities in the present day for getting into green fields or by the sea are enormous. From the primitive waggon, pressed into service for the poor children of large cities, to the fast express train, the public have every possible choice of conveyance. Every encouragement should be given by people of all classes to popularise the idea that it is absolutely necessary to set apart a week, or a few days at the very least, for recruiting mind and body in a healthy holiday of rest and recreation.

MDLLE. CHRISTINE NILSSON.

RUMOUR says that Christine Nilsson is to be married, and that speedily, but rumour has spoken so many untruths of her, that we are losing faith. It was *reported* some time ago that "an action for libel is pending against an American newspaper, the *Rochester Union*, for having stated that Mdlle. Christine Nilsson is not equal as a singer to Jenny Lind." Mr. Max Strakosch, Miss Nilsson's *entrepreneur*, was said to be the plaintiff. We have heard no more of this case. It was also stated in the spring that the fair singer was coming to England from America, with a company, to make a third house for opera in London. The season is at an end, and the company has not yet appeared. For all that we are inclined to believe the rumour that speaks of the marriage, and have reasons for so doing. The history of Christine Nilsson's life is well known. She is the daughter of a labouring man, and was born at Wederslöf, near Wexiö, in Sweden. At an early age she evinced great taste for music. She became proficient on the violin, learned the flute, and attended fairs and other places of public resort, at which she sang, accompanying herself on the violin. Whilst performing in this manner at a fair at Ljungby, in June, 1857, her extraordinary powers attracted the attention of Mr. F. G. Tornérhjelm, a gentleman of influence, who rescued her from her vagrant life, placed her first at school at Halmstad, and afterwards at Stockholm, where she was instructed by M. Franz Berwald. She made her first appearance at Stockholm in 1860, went to Paris, and continued her musical education under Masset and Wurtel, and came out at the Théâtre Lyrique, Oct. 27, as *Violetta* in the "Traviata," and with such success that she was engaged for three years. She made her first appearance in London at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1867, and proved the great operatic attraction at that establishment during the season. Mdlle. Nilsson's portrait will be found on our first page.

PRINCE BISMARCK AT HOME.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Vienna *Presse* gives a description of Prince Bismarck's estate at Varzin and of the Chancellor's mode of living there, from which we take the following particulars:—"After a long journey through the arid and sandy plain, the beechwood on the borders of which Varzin is situated breaks suddenly upon the view of the traveller. The village has nothing striking about it, but, after climbing a hill, we reach the court of the country seat which Prince Bismarck has chosen for his favourite retreat. It is a simple dwelling-house, neither better nor worse than those of the landed gentry of the district. No æsthetical architect has been employed to ornament it. It seems as if no one had been bold enough to attempt to rival the attractions of the park behind the house. Kew does not surpass it in beauty, nor do Torcy and St. Germain equal it in grandeur. It was this park which induced Prince Bismarck to purchase Varzin. Close behind the house the undulations of the soil begin, and the park gradually merges into the woods, änd forms with them one broad green ocean of foliage, which seems here and there broken into forest waves. Grand beeches, ancient oaks, pines, firs, and birch-trees lend variety to the view. In the midst of them lies the estate. Its soil is neither very good nor very bad; it produces average harvests of rye, and the Baltic sand, the bane of the husbandman, only shows itself here and there. Such pieces of ground have long lain fallow. It takes six hours to drive round the estate, and Chomitz, where there was formerly a glasshouse with Bohemian workmen, also belongs to Varzin. The Whipper flows through a part of the domain, and forms its boundaries in other places. It adds both to its beauty and its value, as the rapid stream, which is well stocked with trout, is used to float the timber of Pomerania to the Baltic. Prince Bismarck, I was told, only allows trees enough to be felled to let sufficient air and light into his woods. His letters to his sister show how dearly he loves farming and hunting, the forest, and the quiet life of a country gentleman. Lothar Bucher is the only official person who has accompanied him. He goes through all the important papers which are forwarded from Berlin, and prepares them for the signature of the Chancellor. Lothar Bucher, who refused to pay the taxes in 1848, and was, therefore, long an exile on British soil, is exactly suited to Bismarck and Varzin. He lived for many years in Stolp, in Pomerania, and was returned by that place to the Berlin National Assembly. The brightest and the saddest memories of his life are connected with that little town. This year Varzin wears a more tranquil aspect than in 1870. The Prince and his family live a retired life, and keep at a distance all those whose curiosity brings them into the neighbourhood. After breakfast the most pressing business is despatched by the side of the pond, behind the house, in the shade of the beech-trees, and then the Chancellor hastens into the forest, generally on horseback, to inspect the improvements which are being made. He is noted for his kindness to the villagers. The landed gentry of the neighbourhood frequently visit the family, where they always find a hearty welcome, and the relations and friends of the Prince, many of whom live in the province, often spend several days with him. The house, though it cannot be called handsome, is spacious, and there is room enough in it for twenty or thirty guests. In the course of time Prince Bismarck will probably rebuild the house and make it into a kind of castle. In the park of Varzin there is a large heronry. The herons are the first birds to come with the spring, and the last to leave with the autumn. The males fly twice every day to the seashore in search of food: they are the sacred birds of Varzin. The woods abound in wild swine. Herds of from twenty to thirty may frequently be seen. Other game is also plentiful, and this year I hear it is to be hunted with the chassepot. Thus the times change. Hitherto Prince Bismarck has retired to Varzin for the purpose of recruiting his health, by a quiet life among the fir-woods. This year the period of rest was less indispensable than formerly. The campaign in France has restored him to vigour, and made him seem fresher and stronger than before. Politics are a forbidden subject in the house, with the exception of the interesting episodes of the last war, which are often related and discussed."

ERNESTO ROSSI.

OUR picture on page 360 is a portrait of the famous Italian tragedian Ernesto Rossi as *Hamlet*. In his own country and in France he has won high distinction, and the most severe of severe critics have not only been favourable to him, but have spoken of him with enthusiasm. M. Gauthier, one of the most celebrated of Paris critics, says:—"The Italian actor is tall, well-built, of noble figure, very handsome in his traditional black costume, and has none of the spectral aspect which many actors of great talent have thought must needs be given to *Hamlet*. The analysis which we have made of the *rôle* proves that this constantly funereal physiognomy is not intended in this character. On the contrary, it should be varied, whimsical, and full of sudden animation."

Ernesto Rossi is a thorough master of his art. His intonation is perfect, his gesture is true without vulgarity, and elegant without emphasis. He knows how to delineate and fix an attitude. Of his postures in the principal scenes one might make a scrap book like the "Faust" of Retsch, and these simple outlines would convey all the meaning of the drama. How well he expresses the fear, respectful and mingled with tenderness, with which the paternal ghost inspires him, and how suddenly, to avert suspicion, he commits himself to odd epigrams, which might make one doubt his sanity. In his interview with *Gertrude* the alternating outpourings of grief and horror are admirably rendered. The manner in which he replaces his sword in the sheath on the point of killing *Claudius* praying is truly sublime. The scene at the knees of *Ophelia* during the acting of the comedians furnishes the artist with a train of postures and expressions of the features very remarkable.

THE "LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL."

SCOTT was in the habit, when living at Ashestiel, of riding out with his lovely chieftainess and her husband—

When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill:

and in the course of one of these pleasant rides, Lady Dalkeith happened to repeat the grotesque story of "Gilpin Horner," which she had recently heard from an old gentleman on a visit at the castle, as "an o'er true tale." She insisted that Scott should "turn it into a Border ballad." "Had she asked me to write a ballad on a broomstick," said Scott, "I must have attempted it." He therefore took up his pen and sketched out a few verses to be called the "Goblin Page," in imitation of the style of "Lady Christabel," which he had recently heard read, in part at least, from Coleridge's MS. at a supper by Sir John Stoddart. These preliminary verses Scott read over one evening after dinner to a couple of his friends, Erskine and Cranstoun. They listened, as men generally listen to MS. with their dinner still in their throats, with perplexing politeness, and nothing more. They smoked their cigars, passed on the claret, h'm'd, drew a sigh of relief at the end of the first canto, kept their criticism to themselves, and went back to the thread of conversation which Scott had broken with his cold dash of poetry. This, to a man of Scott's temperament, was like a wet blanket. He interpreted their silence as meaning that they did not think much of what they had heard; and, taking his cue from their inarticulate criticism, he threw his stanzas aside in a fit of disgust. "They lay long by me," he says, in a letter to Miss Seward, "till the applause of some friends whose judgment I valued induced me to resume the poem. So I wrote on, knowing no more than the man in the moon how I was to end. At length the story appeared so uncouth that I was fain to put it into the mouth of my old 'Minstrel' lest the nature of it should be misunderstood, and I should be suspected of setting up a new school of poetry, instead of a feeble attempt to imitate the old. In the process of the romance, the page, intended to be a principal person in the work, contrived (from the baseness of his natural propensities, I suppose) to slink down stairs into the kitchen; and now he must e'en abide there."—*Charles Pebody in the Gentleman's Magazine.*

A LETTER from the Baths of Pfäffers says that, on the night of the 23rd ult., the Tamina (the impetuous mountain stream which runs through Ragatz), swollen by the heavy rains which have lately fallen, burst its ordinary boundaries with such force as to carry away the town bridge, and tear up the road for a distance of 300 yards. A temporary bridge has since been constructed. The inhabitants are very much afraid that further damage may follow, as the ground for a considerable distance is undermined by the torrent, and an extensive landslip is imminent. In September, 1868, a similar disaster occurred, the river on that occasion bursting through the railway embankment, forming a gap upwards of 100 feet wide, and destroying a large portion of the village.

SCOTT:

A CENTENARY ODE.

BY COLIN RAE-BROWN.

SCOTT woke the Harp with wizard-hand,
And, freely, at his high command,
The liquid fire of music fell
O'er mount and valley, moor and dell:
He struck that Harp's responsive strings
Till Poesie, on viewless wings,
Had swept the mountain's highest peak,
And skimmed the lake's remotest creek!

The heather was on fire with Song—
Which Echo's caves did but prolong—
A glorious resounding sea
Of world-entrancing melody!
Surging, like the mighty ocean,
Heaving, with intense emotion,
Mounting, till its waves were driven
O'er the hills like flashing levin!
Waves of song and living light,
Waves of wonder and delight,
Waves that bathed in dazzling glory
Legend old and modern story!

Scott, with a poet-painter's skill,
Immortalised lake, tree, and hill,
'Till Scotia seemed the brightest gem
That shone in Nature's diadem:
Thus beauty on the canvas lives—
Imbued with life that Genius gives—
And, borne from rustic haunts to town,
Delighteth crowd and court and crown.

Around Loch Lomond's floating Isles
The glamour of his Pen beguiles—
We hear the slogan of "Loch Sloy"
And trace the steps of bold "Rob Roy."
Sweet Inversnaid! the bosom warms
To thee and thy unrivall'd charms,
Ere, bounding o'er the heathy land,
By famed Loch Katrine's shores we stand,
And swiftly conjure up to view
The clan, Fitz-James, and Roderick Dhu!

Romance! Romance! sunlit Romance!
That bids the life-blood bound and dance
In fiery streams through ev'ry vein
As Hist'ry's heroes live again—
Live? aye! and move! on Fancy's page,
'Midst tournament or battle-rage:
The casque, the pennon, and the spear,
The scarf inwove with love and fear,
The neighing steed, the trumpet-sound,
And deaf'ning clangour heard around!—
Or, sweeter far, love-lighted bowers
Where sunny dalliance melts the hours,
Hours that, unheeded, come and go,
For ever ebbing as they flow.

From Kenilworth to Holyrood,
Life's ev'ry phase and changing mood
In quick succession greet the eye
As lovers woo, or wed,—or die:
The vain, coquettish, maiden Queen
In pride, revenge, and weakness seen:
The too confiding Mary tossed
From wave to wave, engulphed, and lost.
Rebecca and brave Ivanhoe
Live midst chivalric pomp and show;
While faithful Jeanie's loving part
Is shrin'd in ev'ry feeling heart.

Why linger o'er, or dare to trace
The charms that each creation grace?—
Enough that his dear "Native Land"
Arose beneath that wizard-wand
Like some bright vision through the mist
By which the passing clouds were kissed:
From ev'ry hill, and dale, and glen,
From haunts of deer, or grouse, or men,
From burn and strath, from sea and shore,
Its radiance streameth evermore!

See! borne on wings that never tire—
Higher! higher still! and higher!—
The Scottish Muse exalts her son
Who lasting fame and honour won!

THE ORDER FOR THE CRUCIFIXION OF CHRIST.

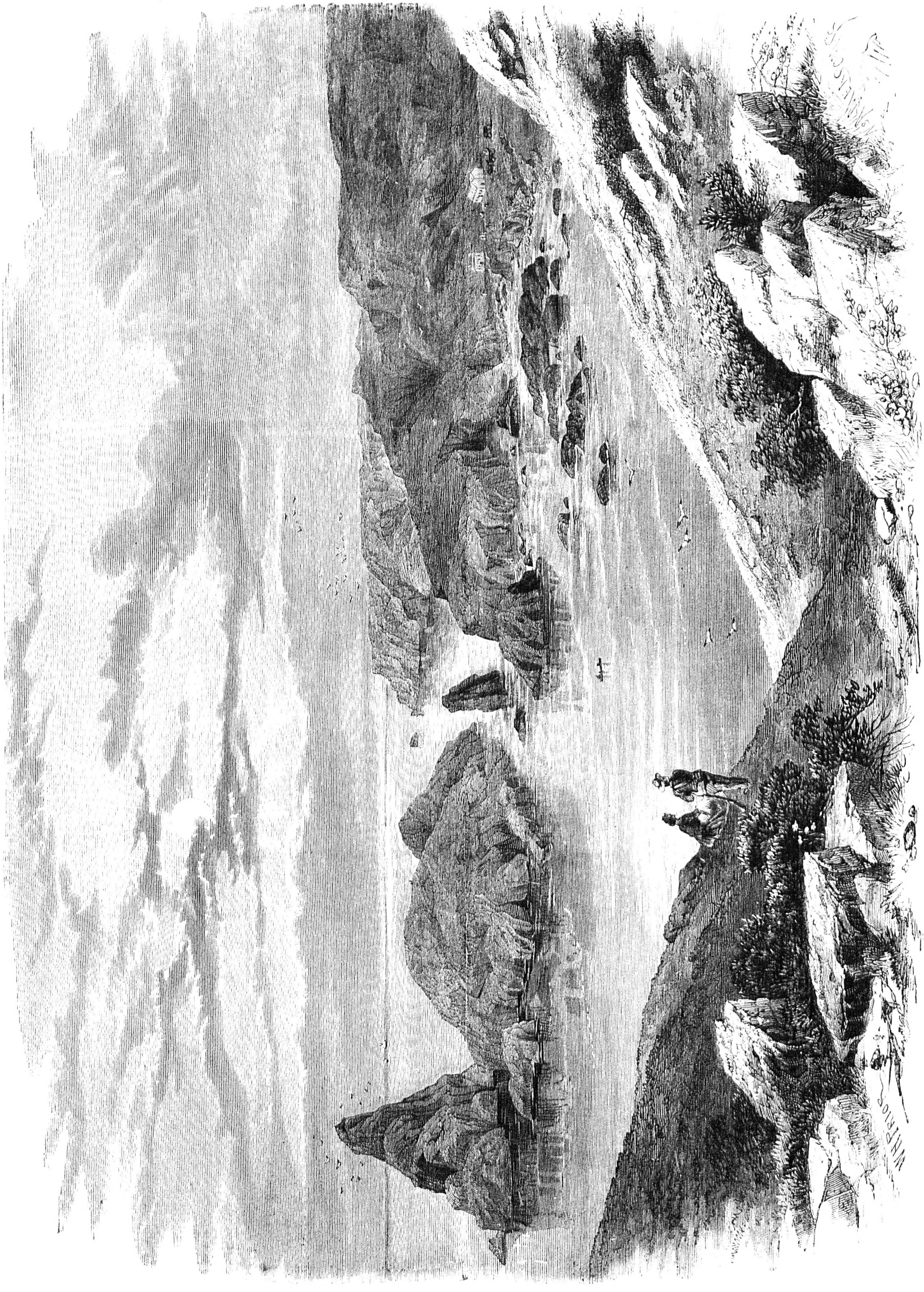
THE Paris correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* writes:—The Archiepiscopal Palace at Bourges, which has just been burned, was of no architectural value in itself, but it contained works of art and manuscripts of inestimable price. The most remarkable document in the Bishop's collection was, without doubt, the order for the execution of Jesus Christ, which was the personal property of the family De La Tour D'Auvergne. The order runs thus:—

"Jesus of Nazareth, of the Jewish tribe of Judah, convicted of imposture and rebellion against the divine authority of Tiberius Augustus, Emperor of the Romans, having for the sacrilege been condemned to die on the cross by sentence of the judge, Pontius Pilate, on the prosecution of our Lord Herod, Lieut. of the Emperor in Judea, shall be taken to-morrow morning, the 23rd day of the Ides of March, to the usual place of punishment under the escort of a company of the Praetorian Guard. The so-called King of the Jews shall be taken out by the Strunean Gate. All the public officers and the subjects of the Emperor are directed to lend their aid to the execution of this sentence.

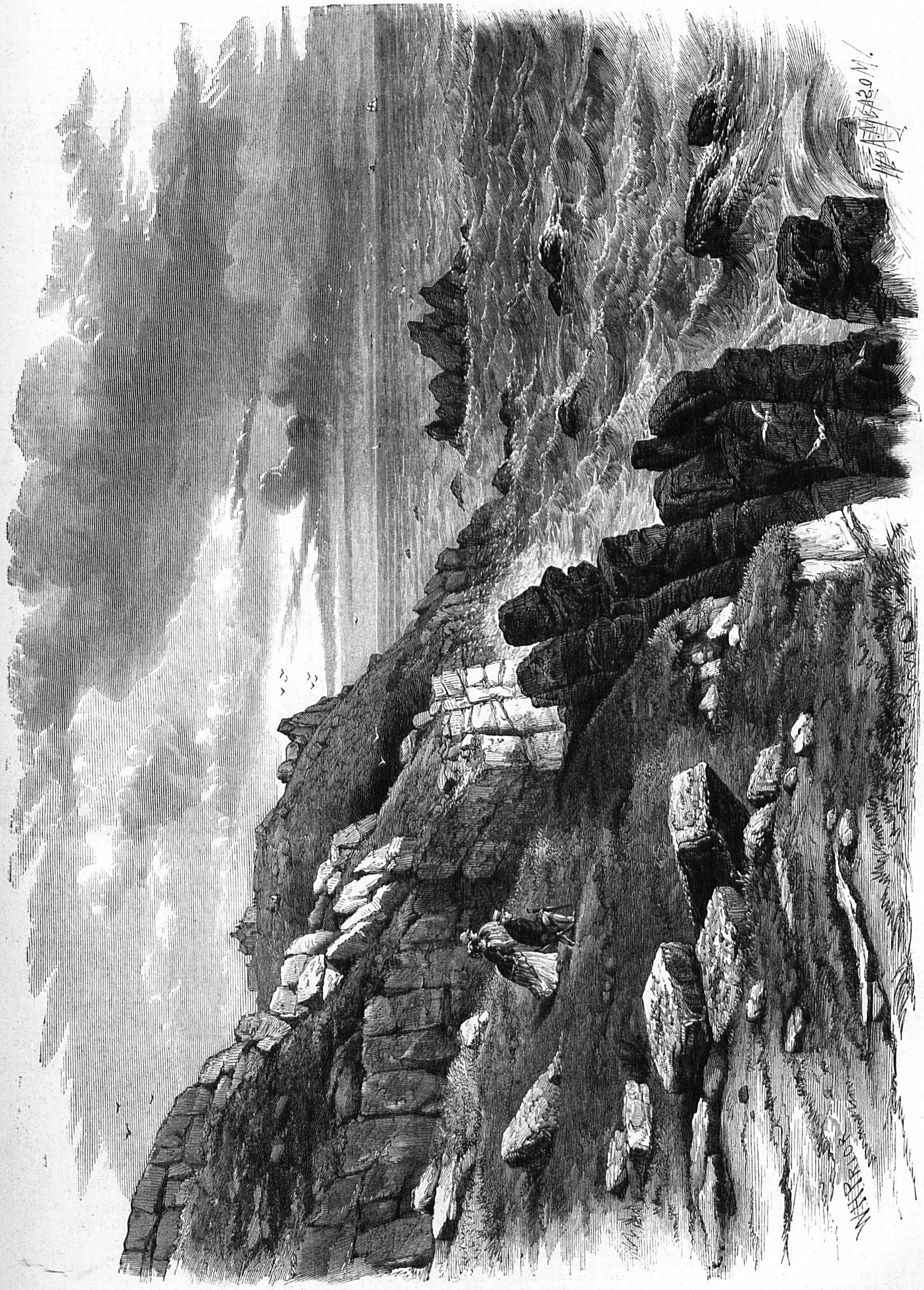
(Signed) "CAPEL.

"Jerusalem,
22nd day of the Ides of March,
Year of Rome, 783."

THE *Gazette* of Madrid publishes summonses, issued by the judge charged with the inquiry into the assassination of Marshal Prim, against four newly accused persons, one of whom is Colonel Solis, aide-de-camp of the Duke de Montpensier. The Duke and his two secretaries, MM. Esquivel and Latour, are likewise summoned, but only as witnesses.



Pictures on the Great Western Railway: Kynance Cove, near The Lizard, Cornwall.



PICTURES ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY: DR. JOHNSON'S ROCK AND ARMED KNIGHT'S ROCK, LAND'S END.

BY RAIL TO "THE WILLOWS."

By BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER X.

STRANGE COMPANY.

"SADDLE me the cob, Towse," said Mr. Joseph to Towse. It was a crisp April morning, with white and grey clouds shifting merrily overhead, leaving the sun only broken moments of play upon the bright green foliage.

Towse moved briskly about his business, and hummed an affectionate air over the cob, as he prepared the playful beast for Master Joe's use. Towse was in excellent spirits, and quite prepared for the briskest conversation with which his young master might honour him.

"Have they done talking about the fight in the town yet?" Master Joe asked.

"Dear bless me, no, sir. Such an event 'll last Barford a good month or two."

"I hope they'll keep my name out of it, that's all." Mr. Smithett was adjusting his stirrups to his perfect satisfaction as he made this observation.

Towse paused, holding up the brush with which he had been giving a few final artistic touches to the cob's glossy coat, and stared at his master with humorous astonishment.

"I do call that good, Master Joe, that I do," cried Towse. "Leave your name out! Why, they do nothing but talk about you. Begging your pardon, Master Joe, you're what we calls the 'cock of the walk,' you are. Everybody says you was splendid. Leave you out of the business, indeed, Master Joe! you do make me laugh." And Towse went off into one of his loudest fits. He could hardly lead the cob out of the stable.

"It's a pity they haven't something better to talk about."

"They say young Squire Dudwell do look such a figure." Here Towse placed his fist to his eye, by way of picturesque illustration of the condition of Mr. Richard Dudwell's—looking so sly and merry all the time that Mr. Joseph could not but laugh also.

There was evidently a new ground of friendship, or of intimacy, between Towse and his young master. Noel had asked the cook to explain to her why that Towse was always asking to see Mr. Joseph. The cook—having expressed at once her ignorance and her indifference by saying that "she didn't know and she didn't care"—added handsomely that so neither the one nor t'other came bothering in her kitchen they might meet twenty times a day. Noel was, however, of a most speculative and inquiring turn of mind. She had a lively inventive faculty. Given the merest skeleton of a story—she would clothe it with flesh, paint it, twist its features to her liking, and fight for it tooth and nail. Nay, as Professor Owen can draw head and body from a jawbone, so could she, with even the bone of a little finger, erect a complete, a living story. Her quick ear caught a rumour, and her sparkling genius erected it into a fact.

A sharper ear than Noel's was never put to a keyhole. The cook vowed she could see with her eyes shut; she saw everything except the work she had to do. This was a foul libel. Noel was a trim, dapper, expeditious housemaid. It had been said of her that "a prettier ankle than hers never twinkled up a staircase." Hers were the prettiest caps in or about Barford. Hers was the most catching laugh. She had a pert answer for every tradesman; and every man who called at Mr. Smithett's gate was pleased when Noel lingered to ask him what news he brought to-day. Was it probable that frequent gossips between her young master and old Towse should escape her observation?

While Towse was finishing his round of boisterous laughter, and Mr. Joseph was settling himself on the cob's back, Noel was peeping through the snowy blinds of Miss Matilda's bed-room window. The gay ribbons in her cap were fluttering; and anybody who had been standing close to the house would have heard the gentle ripples of her suppressed, musical laughter. Before Towse left the cob's head, Mr. Joseph leaned forward and gave the old man a letter. Towse received it, and remained listening intently while Mr. Joseph gave him directions. Noel afterwards informed the cook that she nearly jumped out of the window in her excitement.

"More fool you," was the cook's laconic reply.

"The letter was a very small one," said Noel. "For a lady, of course. I know it's for that Miss Dudwell—of course it is. Anybody could see that. And that's the reason why Mr. Joseph took the clerk's part."

"No, no," the cook triumphantly answered; "that won't do no how. Try agin. He'd have been delighted to see the clerk's 'ead punched."

Noel saw she had strayed in the wrong direction; so she tossed her pretty, pert head, and ate her supper of bread and cheese, and drank her allotted quantity of beer, in silent meditation. She fondly believed that Towse was no match for her.

Mr. Joseph Smithett rode forth carelessly on the eventful spring morning that was to introduce him unexpectedly to new friends, hardly caring to direct the cob's head. He wanted a breezy ride in the fresh air. He had tried reading at home, but he was too restless to read. He had wandered about the bookshelves, dipping into a dozen volumes, without the will to settle upon one. The garden was dull; and his mother and sister were talking about spring dresses; the colours they should be; the number of yards each dress would "take;" the way the bodies should be made; the number of flounces there should be to the skirts; and the dressmakers who were skilful enough to be entrusted with the figures of the female Smithetts. Mr. Joseph listened while all these topics were thoroughly debated and settled twice; but he left when his mother cried *da capo*, and for the third time entreated her children to decide for her whether the silk should be grey or green, shot or watered.

"Why don't you have a good ride, my dear Joseph, this fine morning?" said his mother. "I'm sure our conversation cannot be interesting to you, though I remember the time when gentlemen took their wives and daughters to the milliner's, and took some interest in their silks and ribbons. Now, it's no use thinking of it. I have no doubt, Matilda, dear, your father will forget the fourteen yards of flannel, and the number of the gloves I told him to bring down with him to-night. It's really horrible to think what I have to bear."

"Horrible!" echoed Mr. Joseph, laughing. "How you have survived it is the wonder of everybody."

"You may laugh, Joseph," said Mrs. Smithett; "but when, I should like to know, have I had my own way in my own house?"

"Never!" Mr. Joseph kissed his mother, and went laughing off to the stables.

"Good riddance!" cried Miss Matilda in her brother's wake. "Now, mamma, tell me what I am to do for the Hasties' party. I'll be jiggered if I can go in the white silk."

"Matilda! What a word to use!"

"Bessy Hastie caught it of one of Sir Henry Harly's daughters; and I caught it of her, I suppose. Where's the harm in it?"

The cob carried his listless master along the lanes, that were alive with the merry birds wooing in the spring sun, under the pale green leaves. A song was singing to him also—and it came from the house far below, in the valley by the river. It was a tender song, so tender he feared just now to listen to it. He reined up his horse at an opening that gave a full view of the valley—where the new mills were busy—yet in which there were some old quiet spots still. He shaded his eyes from the sun to gaze at one of these quiet spots—at that whence the music came, and made his heart tremble. He turned away, shaking his head, and put the cob into a brisk trot. The sharp air wound and eddied about him; it was the best restorative he could take. It braced and freshened him. His mind was ill at ease, and the exercise lulled it to rest.

And so he rode to a place where the new railway intersected the road. Some navvies shouted to him to pull up.

"Now, then, master, mind yourself, the trucks be comin'." A brawny navvy, who appeared to have rubbed himself carefully from head to foot with the rich golden red earth he was digging, rested upon his spade and wiped his purple face as he spoke.

"I didn't know you were coming this way," the young rider answered cheerily, putting himself at once on a friendly footing with the navy, who immediately altered his tone.

"I believe they was going to take it a little lower down once."

"A sharp curve, isn't it?"

"Aye, that it be, sir," the navvy continued, running his critical eye along the line; "these curves are as bad as sarpints—and they don't look unlike big uns, do they Ben?" (turning to a comrade).

Ben was a heavy, dark man, who had never seen anything in his life except the pickaxe he wielded and the clod he split. He rubbed his head and answered without understanding—

"Aye, Dick, may be."

The two men touched their hats at the approach of a slim young gentleman of middle height, who advanced with a notebook in his hand. He was rapid in his movements, and had an earnest, careworn, but gentle expression in his face. He was evidently in command of the works.

CHAPTER XI.

IN COMMAND OF THE WORKS.

MR. JOSEPH SMITHETT recognised John Dyne. John Dyne was not the man to let one who had behaved so well to him pass on without a word of thanks.

"I believe I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Smithett," said Dyne, at the same time frankly and cordially extending his hand. "I have to thank you for your friendly part in that unpleasant business at Barford."

Mr. Smithett, pleased with Mr. Dyne's loyal, manly manner, and the gentleness that spoke in his eyes, begged that no thanks might be offered.

"You know, Mr. Dyne, no Englishman is in the habit of seeing foul play quietly."

The two fell easily into conversation as young Englishmen will when they fall accidentally together in the country. Our neighbours across the Channel are wont to twit us with our cold reserve; our silence in omnibuses and in railway carriages. But I have observed that although English travellers do not chatter like Frenchmen with everybody they meet, they easily make acquaintance with strangers who are sympathetic to them, and contract many lasting friendships on the high roads of the world; while the Frenchman, having babbled every step of his journey, reaches home alone.

Mr. Smithett, for instance, was soon prevailed upon by Mr. John Dyne to dismount, and to enter the little cottage in which the clerk of the works dwelt. There were reasons why Mr. Smithett should have avoided further contact with Mr. Dyne. What would be said in Barford? What would be the opinion of Mr. Hornibrook? How would the Dudwellites laugh, and make mischief? Aye, there was a nearer and a dearer reason why Mr. Smithett should have avoided that sherry and biscuit at the hands of John Dyne. Smithett knew all this. He felt that he was doing something which would be heard of hereafter to his great disadvantage. But he was in the humour to do that which he was doing. He had conceived a sudden liking for Dyne. A spirit of mischief impelled him to indulge and cherish this prepossession to the utmost. He chuckled to himself as he sipped the sherry and broke the biscuit with a will. He listened to John Dyne's story; and, as it was not altogether unlike another in which he was deeply interested, he was mightily taken with it. It was told in plain language, and with a modesty that would have won any listener over to John Dyne's side. The clerk confessed that he had been won by the beauty of Miss Dudwell. It was hard to see her three or four times every day of his life: to meet her in the fields, to see her mount her pony, to open a gate for her, to offer her an umbrella as she passed his door running through the rain, to explain to her the progress of the works, to rescue her little terrier from the jaws of a mastiff, and yet to keep the heart still beating quietly as though its owner were bending over a ledger.

"To be brief, I liked her, and she liked me. Of course the world would say—did say, *does* say—What about our prospects? How could I keep a riding-horse for her? I was summed up as a poor devil of a clerk who ought to marry a farm-girl in the country, or a greengrocer's daughter in town. So that young blockhead Richard Dudwell, who passed my windows drunk nearly every night of his life, was persuaded by the wretched crew who drink at his expense to horsewhip me. *He!*"

John Dyne rose, sipped his sherry, and buttoned his coat, as though he were ready for at least two Richard Dudwells at that moment.

"Yes; but how about the shubbery, Mr. Dyne?"

"True, true; I was there, and I grant I had no right to be there. Let's say no more about that. I accepted the risk."

"But not the thrashing. You were right."

"And got pretty well out of it, thanks to you. My governor's been very kind in the matter. I can tell you I was rather in a funk in that quarter. A quarter's salary on the nail and good morning—that was the ticket I expected."

This view amused Mr. Joseph Smithett, who had never received a salary in his life. "That would have been rather severe, wouldn't it?"

"A little, but nothing extraordinary. You see example's everything. If the clerk of the works, why shouldn't the navvies break one another's heads, and throw at least half a brick at one another. No, I can't undertake to say conscientiously, Mr. Smithett, that fighting's business-like, and that's a fact."

"Nor love-making either."

"Nor love-making either, as you observe. Oh, I'm candid about it. You'll find me above-board. It's difficult to be in love only out of business hours. A little practice may conquer the difficulty, but it's plaguing."

Mr. Smithett laughed heartily. These were original views to him, that had never fallen in his way before.

"You're amused, but this is the way we men who have to earn our living must look at life. I'm as fond of romance as anybody, and riding 'cross country, and the moors would suit me very well—none better; but, you see, I'm one of those snobs who must earn wages while gentlemen Dudwells are sotting in taverns and chucking barmaids under the chin, and saying smart things at my expense." Mr. Dyne was throwing a little bitterness into his speech. His companion would not have it.

"Stop a minute: you mustn't take this Dudwell as a type, my good friend."

"No, no. He's a scamp, I know; but admit, at the same time—we are snobs—confounded snobs—that is to say, I and *my* lot are."

"Oh! for the matter of that, include me. I'm a manufacturer's son."

"Yes, yes. But money's the grand affair. I've seen a retired dust contractor toadied by a young gentleman of very ancient descent, before now. I don't want to quarrel with the arrangements, you know, Mr. Smithett. I'm content, you see. I may work my way; become rich in my turn, and enjoy my toady late in life."

A sharp rap with a stick at the cottage window, and a hoarse "Hilloa, there, within! House! Dyne!" disturbed the young men's improving conversation.

"It's the governor, come for his glass before going to town. Keep still. He'll amuse you."

CHAPTER XII.

THE GOVERNOR.

THE governor, Nathaniel Huggins, Esq., of Westbournia-square, came in mopping his head with a gaudy bandanna.

Mr. Dyne introduced Mr. Joseph Smithett.

"One of the Lancashire Smithetts, sir?" said Mr. Huggins, still patting his head and panting.

"My father is from Lancashire."

"Exactly. Same family. Some of your family opposed one of my railways tooth and nail——"

"I'm sorry to remind you of——"

"Not at all. I should have done it myself, if I had been one of them. It bored us plaguily, though. I say, Dyne, that embankment by Fox's gate gets on at a snail's pace. You've a lazy set, I'm afraid. You must shove 'em along."

"Some of them have been taken off, to finish the work a little higher up. I was obliged to do it. I could do with another dozen hands."

"Or with a hundred, for the matter of that, I dare say, Dyne. They're not to be had just now. Not to be had, sir."

As Mr. Huggins made this latter observation, he lifted a bottle to the light.

"Scotch, Dyne?" Mr. Huggins asked.

"Yes, that's the Scotch," said Dyne, "And I think you will find that an excellent glass of whiskey. It came down yesterday."

"And will go down to day," answered Mr. Huggins, laughing, and looking slily at Mr. Smithett to see whether he took the joke.

Mr. Huggins mixed what a confirmed Scotch toddy drinker would admit to be a generous tumbler; stretched out his legs, and drew the tobacco-jar towards him. "It's tough work, though, that clay," said he.

"I almost lost one of my boots in it," Mr. Dyne answered, and then he gave a decided direction to the conversation. "I esteem myself very fortunate to-day, Mr. Huggins, in having made the acquaintance of Mr. Smithett. Mr. Smithett is the gentleman who helped me out of that matter with young Dudwell."

"What! who stood up for fair play?" Mr. Huggins asked, with energy.

"The same."

"Then give me your hand, sir. You are every inch an Englishman." The grip of Mr. Huggins's hand was a sensation.

"We all like to see fair play, Mr. Huggins," Mr. Smithett modestly answered.

"So we do, sir; so we do. And does Mr. Smithett know the whole story, Dyne? Have you made a clean breast of it to him, eh?"

"Why, yes," Mr. Dyne somewhat sheepishly answered. "I don't think anything remains to be told."

"But has Dyne told you of the advice I gave him, sir? You appear to be a sensible young gentleman, and I should like to hear what you think of it."

"I've not, as yet, been admitted so far into Mr. Dyne's confidence. You see, Mr. Huggins, two hours ago we were strangers to one another."

"Aye, aye—true. I'm a frank, off-hand kind of a man, and have an awkward knack of striking at the root, without any circumbendibus. You understand me? Beating about the bush wouldn't do for me; would it, Dyne? Loss of time is loss of money. I always speak my mind plump out—that's my plan; and it's one I recommend to every young man beginning life. I know what you young fellows are about these love affairs. I was the same myself when I was your age. Bless me! I used to look like a fool when fellows chaffed me about the girl I was sweet upon. But these are not times, Mr. Smithett, to waste in the old-fashioned style of courting. These are railway times, five-and-forty-mile-an-hour times. Egad! a man must have his wits about him who wants to keep up with the field. Our grand-children 'll go to cover on steam horses. Fiddling after a pretty face that's to be seen on the top of a hundred pounds' worth of horseflesh, before the leg of mutton is safe home from the butcher's—it isn't sense, Mr. Smithett; and I've told Dyne so."

Mr. Smithett could not help laughing at Mr. Huggins's picturesque and forcible way of putting John Dyne's plight. He was restrained by a fear of wounding this gentleman's nature. His fear was groundless. John Dyne was not a sensitive plant.

Mr. Huggins was rough enough. He was a big man; broad, fleshy, and with prodigiously developed limbs. He had not the appearance of the travelled man he was. He had a bloodless face, with ponderous masses of tallowy flesh upon it. His hands were broad, and of a yellowish tinge. The only indication of Mr. Huggins's strong liking for the good things of this world, and more especially for its good liquids, was a redness of his eyelids and eyeballs. Known among his companions of his own age as Nat Huggins, he was esteemed as a sharp, apprehensive man of business, with a screwing power that was terrible. He was a daring fellow who came in the way of Nat Huggins; but Huggins was an excellent and amusing fellow over his glass. Huggins was like many men. We find him with his glass before him, happily.

"You know I'm a blunt man, Mr. Smithett," Mr. Huggins continued. "I'm open as daylight, I am. How did I make my way I should like to know? Architect of my own fortune, I should think I was; and bricklayer and hodman, too; I laid the foundations and tiled the roof in, I did. I put every lock and key on. I hammered every nail in. And how did I do it, I should be glad to know. I fell in love. Why, of course I did."

Mr. Huggins laughed at the bare notion of a Nat Huggins *out* of love.

"But I never took my eye off the main chance, d'ye see, Mr. Smithett? I knew what I was, and who I was, and how I come there. I didn't break into great people's shrubberies."

This was a palpable hit at poor John Dyne.

"I didn't think a great lady would fall in love with my ugly face, just because she was in the habit of seeing it every day; and would, some fine morning, when I chose to ask her, step out of the Manor gates, and come rapping at my door to know whether she might share my cold mutton with me for the remainder of her natural life. No, no; Master Nat stuck to his work. Bless you, though I daresay you'll be surprised when I tell you, I've had eyes made at my ugly face before now, by girls who married very great people afterwards; but they didn't make me go a foot out of my road. I hadn't a second pair of boots to my feet, but I was as proud as the best of 'em. I knew what was the difference between us. 'No, no, my lassies,' thinks I, 'let us part company at once. We're all somewhere about twenty, and at twenty all girls and boys look at one another. I've got my work cut out.'"

"You were a philosopher early," said Mr. Smithett.

"I don't know about a philosopher. I had been pitchforked into the world, d'ye see, at fourteen, and at twenty I was pretty firmly set upon my legs. Money, thought I—that's the secret of everything. Let the pretty eyes go their way. They were December strawberries to me. I looked at 'em, but I knew they were not to be mine. I hadn't the money, you see, Mr. Smithett."

"Surely you don't put money before everything in the world, Mr. Huggins?" Mr. Smithett asked.

"Egad, though, but I do!" Mr. Huggins slapped the table, laid down his pipe, and drew himself a little closer to his questioner. "You are very young, Mr. Smithett. You don't know what money is, because, I suspect, from your name, you have never known what the want of it is. *I have.*" Mr. Huggins ground his teeth, and his eyes started as he made this confession. "I have, young sir. The man, sir, without money is dirt—he is an impertinence in the world. Ladies' eyes! What, upon a man with nothing!" Mr. Huggins laughed, and looked very ghastly as he did so. "I saw my disadvantage when I was a penniless apprentice. I had the worst of it every hour of the day. I might be put aside. I could shift with the knuckle-bone. Give him the stale crust that was left from breakfast. Not room in the cart? Leave Nat behind. There's a cup with the handle off, is there? Put it in Nat's place. If you must hit somebody, hit Nat. That was the song I heard when I was a boy. Didn't I clench my fists and grind my teeth! But what did I do besides? Why, I made up my mind I wouldn't always eat the stale crusts, nor drink out of the cup without a handle, nor be left behind when the cart was going to Hornsey or Battersea-fields. I kept my nose close to the wheel. I never threw away a penny. I never missed a chance. I watched the lucky ones and the unlucky ones, and I came to the conclusion that it wasn't luck so much that made the difference. I saw the steady ones go in and win, while the impatient ones who hopped about from one point to another fell again and again, and very seldom did any good for themselves in the end. I was never too proud to make a penny. I turned over farthings. Aye, farthings go to make a beggar a king, Mr. Smithett. And bear this in mind, Dyne, from one who has had bags full of them; never spend a penny when you can help it. I never did. I knew I was dirt while I was moneyless. And for love-making! What did I do? Why, I took a wife who was as poor as myself. I think she could just muster a black silk gown when I married her. And why did I marry her—why, Dyne?"

Dyne, being expected to say something, was sure Mrs. Huggins was a most charming lady, and——

"Pooh! pooh!"—Huggins, who was in downright earnest, impatiently interrupted. "Tush, man, you know that's not what I mean. Why, I married her because she would help me to save, instead of forcing me into extravagance. It was that stale crust and the broken cup that made a man of me. And you be a man, Dyne, as I was, and make an end of this Dudwell nonsense, and keep a sharp eye on the navvies. That's what you've got to do. If you must marry, marry a woman who can cook a chop for you when you come home after a hard day's work. She'll be fine lady enough when you've made your fortune, never fear. Women are always ready for greatness. They learn the genteel tunes much easier than we do. I know my wife drills me pretty hard, and keeps my muddy boots off the drawing-room fender with such an air, I feel inclined to go into the kitchen to stretch my legs and do as I like. I only laugh. And, if my time was to come over again, I would marry a homely and handy woman, Dyne; bear *that* in mind."

CHAPTER XIII.

What would Happen?

"If papa *should* find it out, Sarah, dear, I wouldn't—well, I don't know what *would* happen. And he *will* find it out, as sure as you're there. What a pair of deceitful things he'll think both of us. I'm sure I shall never be able to look in his face again—so there."

Sarah was not in the mood to take even this gentle remonstrance in good part. There was an ugly reality in it. What would papa say, indeed!

"If you don't like the risk, Emmy, you know you can avoid it."

"You unkind creature," Miss Emily answered, "as if I meant that. I'm only afraid for you. What with that old Towse roaming about the premises; and our long walks along the lanes; and this and the other, I'm always afraid something will happen. I wish I had your nerves, dear!"

Sarah laughed at the childish fears and prattle of her sister, for Miss Sarah Hornibrook was a strong-minded young lady, country bred. She had imported into The Willows many notions that were described by the local dowagers as "new-fangled." To begin with, she paid occasional visits to London, where her mother's and father's relatives moved in fashionable society. She was a thoughtful, reading girl, of independent manners, and had, as our neighbours have it, "the courage of her opinions." She was not likely to fall in love with a young squire of squirely mind. She pointed her sharpest sarcasms at Richard Dudwell. He was a booby. He was born for the stable and the ale-house; and had got by accident up stairs. The young lady had no love for fox-hunters; nor was she dazzled by a dead shot. Miss Sarah was in no respects a remarkable young lady. Clear, sound sense; a love of reading—an interest in something more than novels—a receptive mind that had been influenced by the company of bookish people; these were characteristics of Mr. Hornibrook's eldest daughter; and are, I take it, the characteristics of hundreds of gentlemen's daughters nowadays. Young ladies travel in the wake of Livingstone, Captain Burton, and Speke and Grant; they are familiar with the activities of the Alpine Club; they have heard of Mr. Froude, and Mr. Kingsley, and Mr. Buckle; mayhap they have discussed the character of Lord Bacon with Mr. Hepworth Dixon; they have fought through the rugged passes of Carlyle's great Friedrich—and Mr. Ruskin is a darling of theirs, with his sweet English. These girls are not blues. I protest that Miss Sarah Hornibrook was not at all blue. She wore the knowledge she had carelessly, as she wore her garden hat. She talked bookishly at times, because she was fond of the company of clever men; she said just enough to provoke talk: not to show her own wit. Conversation she undoubtedly preferred to dancing, because she was a bright, active-minded girl. She had talked herself into love with Mr. Joseph Smithett, there could be no doubt about that. She could not allow it at first; and her sister was a little idiot, as we have learned already, for thinking of such a thing. How much truth these little idiots discover! how full of wisdom are these giddy heads, over which the curls shake so wickedly and provokingly! The little idiot follows the well-nerved, far-seeing sister, and would follow her bravely, if there were danger at every footstep.

"I declare, Sarah," said Emily, "the grass is quite worn away with our coming this way along the hedge so often."

"We must alter our course, dear, for the future."

There was no help for it. Emily might find out dangers, and put her loving fingers upon them. Sarah was unmoved. It had been whispered all round the country that the elder Miss Hornibrook was unassailable. She was ice. She would die an old maid. She treated young men as though they were blocks of wood. She had no pity for them. She laughed at their sighs, and treated them as simpletons when they were sentimental. They amused her with their stupid country airs—although she was a country girl. Did they think she had no heart because she laughed at their clumsy suit, and was not smitten with their red faces?

Mr. Joseph was a comely young fellow, who sat his saddle well enough; never made a fool of himself in the field; brought down his bird with tolerable certainty, and was altogether well up in the athletic sports of his age. But he was not proud of these accomplishments. He liked strolling and talking better. He preferred Mr. Carnegie's society to that of the best shot in the county, and, naturally, that of a bright-minded, free-hearted girl who could exchange ideas with him—and remain a modest country girl at the same time—to either. It was very natural, it will appear, I am quite sure, to the reader, that he should do his utmost to please when he had so pretty and congenial a listener as Miss Sarah Hornibrook undoubtedly was—with her serious face and those tender, inquisitive, bashful grey eyes of hers. She hinted her pretty recollections of books only to show that she understood and that she was interested. Why did the Smithetts give that ball? Why did Mr. Hornibrook take his daughters there, and remain late there, and then inveigh against the manufacturer's family? I have no doubt that Mr. Hornibrook would have been astonished had anybody presumed to tell him that his eldest daughter saw the impropriety of his conduct, and had her opinion on it—albeit she was so shy before him, and answered him in monosyllables—while Emily rated him freely and merrily, and took no pains to be very deferential. Children will not close their eyes. Sarah would turn sharply upon her sister.

"Papa would never give his consent, Emmy! Indeed! Then why did he introduce us to the Smithetts? If they were improper people to know, why were we taken there?"

"Surely papa knows best, dear."

"I didn't say he didn't, you tiresome little thing, did I? I suppose papa wouldn't introduce us to people of whom there was any just cause to be ashamed?"

"Why, what a question, dear."

"Well, all he says is that Mr. Smithett's father is a manufacturer, a self-made man, a vulgar person. It really makes me laugh. Here's the book papa gave me on my eleventh birthday." The young lady drew it from the shelf at the foot of her bed—"The Triumphs of Industry." "Every line of it makes heroes of boys who ran errands, dug in mines, followed the plough, or were cabin-boys. We are told how many of them married noble ladies. One was the father of the prime minister. A barber's son is the husband of a lady of the proudest line in the kingdom."

Emily shook her head impatiently. "Who is saying whether this is right or that is wrong? Did I say Mr. Smithett's father was an errand-boy? I only say, dear—that you remember what papa said after the Smithetts' ball, and again after that unfortunate business in the High-street."

Miss Hornibrook tossed the book aside.

"He was very angry then, Emmy."

"He spoke quite in the same strain the last time Mr. Carnegie lunched with us, dear. That good creature, Mr. Carnegie, was quite opposed to papa, and talked, oh, so highly, of Mr. Smithett."

"What did he say, Emmy?"

Emily laughed and kissed her sister. "How on earth should I remember, now, you foolish thing, you?"

"That's just like you," Sarah said, with impatience; "you have always some story to tell—something so very interesting—and then you forget the point of it. Not that it much matters; for I should like to know who can get an idea out of papa's head when once it is in it. His prejudices are really fearful, and I am afraid they grow stronger and stronger every day. See what a life we lead!"

Here Emily interposed—"It's a little monotonous, dear, but not much more so than other people's who live in the country as we do, and have no mother."

"What society have we?" Sarah sharply asked. "As for you, Emmy, you could live in a bird-cage if somebody would keep plenty of sugar between the wires."

"And a very good thing, too," said Miss Emmy; "you know what Mr. Carnegie says about a contented mind."

"Bother Mr. Carnegie! You always throw him in my teeth, Emmy. Everybody knows that one ought to be content—content in a desert, content with a knuckle-bone, content with a spoonful of pie, and that sort of thing. It's quite proper; but we are not all of us angels; at least, I don't pretend to be one. How you can go singing about the house as you do, wet or dry, light or dark! There, you ought to be a missionary's wife. I can see you, Emmy, in a nice grey stuff dress, a nice coarse straw bonnet, with just one bit of ribbon across it, showing a number of black women the evil of their ways. Of course, it's the thing to do; but don't ask me to do it, that's all. Now, there's Mr. Carnegie's curate, dear; why don't you make up to him?"

"What! with his long neck and his bony hands! Thank you, dear, all the same. I'd rather not. I'm not so fond of guys."

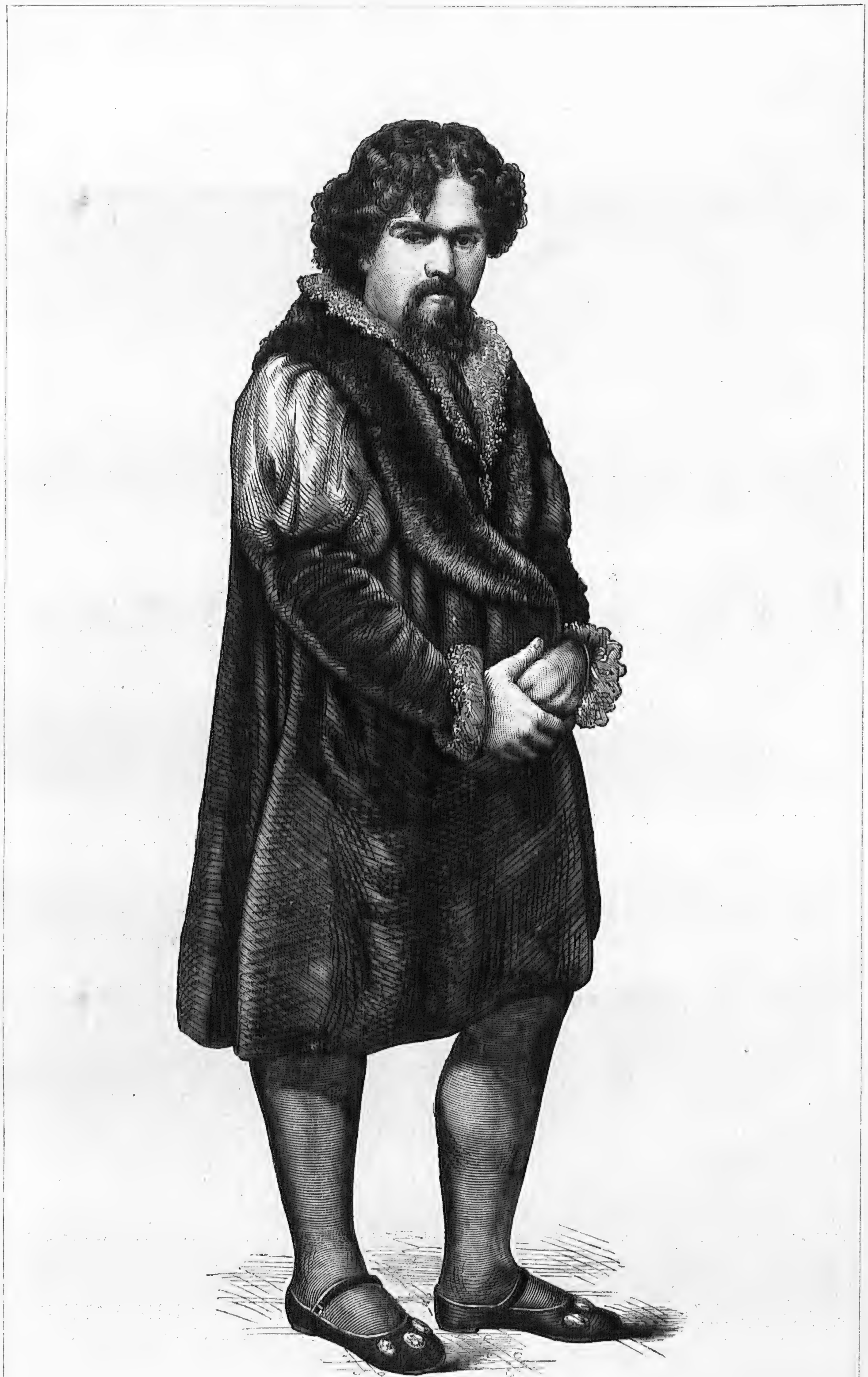
"I'm glad to see you have a little taste left."

"You would hardly have thought it, would you?" It was impossible to put Miss Emmy out of temper. "You may talk to me, dear, and think me as stupid as you please; but I am quite sure I am right. Papa is certain to find everything out, and then what *will* happen?"

"Wait till he does find it out. There, I've had lecturing enough, Emmy, for once; let me finish my letter."

(To be continued).

Borwick's Custard Powder is now used by all respectable families for making delicious Custards and Blanc-Manges, and nothing can be more agreeable to eat with Puddings, Pies, and Stewed Fruits. Sold by all corndealers in 1d. and 2d. packets, and 6d. and 1s. tins. [457



ERNESTO ROSSI as Hamlet.

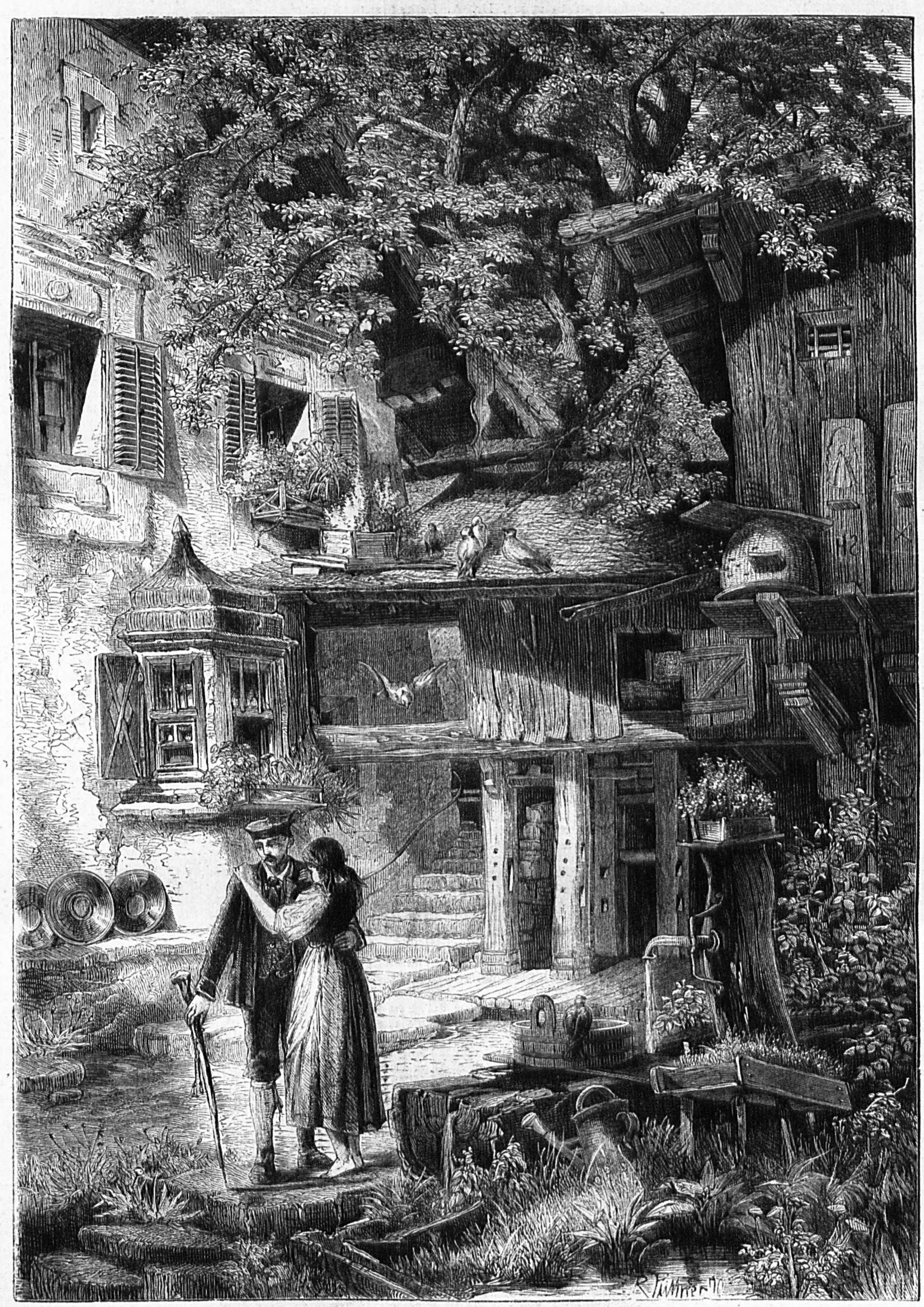
LOVE AND WAR.

He crossed the mountain-paths alone,
Quick-radiant as the tender morn;
He wooed me by the altar-stone,
Where all our vows were sworn.
I heard the lark sing round his nest;
I heard, from love's divine eclipse—
His breast was burning on my breast,
His lips upon my lips.
Full sweet and glorious were his words,
Like bells that ring with marriage glee:
But war leapt out of hell, and stole
My love from me.

Wild clarions shook the commonweal;
The legions of the land arose;
They swept like glancing streams of steel,
To smite the nation's foes.
I saw the hosts at early morn
Wind westward in their bearded might;
I heard the giggling bugle-horn
Laugh at the drum's delight:
I held the stirrup for his foot,
The best in that bright company;
One word—one kiss—and then he flashed
Like light from me.

Came one at length with trembling pace,
And fearful speech, and wandering eye;
A thousand deaths were in his face,
And one poor victory.
Another and another came,
With mangled limb and bleeding breast,
Who blew new-kindled fires of fame
Of heroes gone to rest;
Then came the laurelled legions home,
To lovers waiting wistfully:
But oh, dear Lord, *he* never came
To me, poor me!

I know not if I waked or slept
That weary, weary, woeful night;
I only know I never wept—
My eyes were dry as light:
Yet in a trance I seemed to thread
The horrors of the battle-plain;
I found my hero cold and dead
Above the conquered slain:
And then he seemed to be alive;
I clasped him—oh, how tenderly!
'Twas but his ghost that soothed my arms:
God pity me!



LOVE AND WAR.

IRISH BULLS.

Some of the oddest blunders of this kind on record are those of Sir Boyle Roche. It was he who described himself on one occasion as "*standing prostrate* at the feet of royalty." It was he who, in days of threatened rebellion, wrote to his friend:—"You may judge of our state when I tell you that I write this with a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other." It was Sir Boyle, also, that made the famous reply, in the Irish Parliament, to the argument about considering the claims of posterity:—

"I don't see, Mr. Speaker," he said, vehemently, "why we should put ourselves out of the way to serve posterity. What has posterity ever done for us?"

A universal roar of laughter interrupted and disconcerted him, but he hastened to explain.

"When I say posterity, Sir, I do not mean our ancestors, but those who are to come immediately after them."

The Irish, rightly or wrongly, get credit for almost all the bulls that go the round of the papers. It was an Irishman who wanted to find a place where there was no death, that he might go and end his days there. It was an Irish editor that exclaimed, when speaking of the wrongs of Ireland, "Her cup of misery has been for ages overflowing, and is not yet full!" It was an Irish newspaper that said of Robespierre that he "left no children behind him, except a brother, who was killed at the same time." It was an Irish coroner who, when asked how he accounted for an extraordinary mortality in Limerick, replied sadly, "I cannot tell. There are people dying this year that never died before." It was an Irish handbill that announced, in reference to a great political demonstration in the Rotunda, that "Ladies, without distinction of sex, would be welcome."

Irish also was the cornet who, when writing home from India praising the much-abused climate as really one of the best under the sun, added—"But a lot of young fellows come out here, and they drink and they eat, and they eat and they drink, and they die; and then they write home to their friends saying it was the climate that did it!"

Parliament is not exempt from similar blunders. When at one time suicides were on the increase, a member moved for leave to bring in a Bill to make self-murder a capital offence.

It is also said that when Sir John Scott (afterwards Lord Eldon) brought in a Bill for restraining the liberty of the press, an Irish member moved the insertion of a clause providing that all anonymous works should have the names of the authors printed on the title-pages. This reminds one of Sir Boyle Roche and his bitter complaints about "a certain anonymous writer called Junius."

HOME AND ABROAD.

THERE have been serious riots in Berlin, caused by the ejection of some tenants from lodgings which had been sublet to them in violation of the agreement made with the landlord. The house was all but demolished by the mob, and the mounted police had to be called out to clear the streets. Many persons were wounded.

THE press of Berlin displays great uneasiness at the proceedings of the International, and is unanimous in demanding the intervention of the State to put an end to the deplorable influence which that body exercises in the Prussian territory.

IT is confirmed that Admiral Crosnier has committed suicide, on account of papers by which the Admiral was compromised, and which proved that he had shown weakness during the troubles at Marseilles.

THE Ministers of the American and English Governments at Rome have officially notified to the King of Italy that his Majesty has been nominated one of the five arbitrators for the settlement of the claims arising out of the *Alabama* question.

ADVICES from Algeria announce that General Lallemand is on his way to Paris. The pacification of the neighbourhood of Cherchell is considered certain. The death of Malesk, the insurgent leader, is confirmed. A council has been held by the chief men of the Beni Menasser tribe, and it was decided to sue for pardon.

THE Conservative Convention in North Carolina has ben unsuccessful, the Republicans having a majority of 10,000.

THE official announcement of the result of the voting in Strasburg for municipal councillors show that 8,054 votes were recorded. The twenty-four successful candidates received over 4,000 votes, and they all belong to the Liberal party.

A PARIS paper, the *Opinion Nationale*, points out that although the French Assembly has now been sitting for six months, it has not yet passed a vote or received a proposition in favour of popular instruction, although every one admits that the subject is of the highest importance.

ACCORDING to the *Patrie*, there is but little chance of the motion for prolonging the powers of M. Thiers being brought forward in the French Assembly. The Republican Left, which was previously in favour of the proposal, is now said to be adverse.

ADVICES from Frankfort state that the Franco-German Commission has just adjourned for a time. The deliberations will be resumed, probably, towards the end of the month.

THE election in Mexico has passed off quietly. No Presidential candidate received the requisite number of votes. The election now rests with the Congress, where the chances are in favour of Diaz.

THE Portuguese Cortes have rejected several bills proposed by the Opposition.

THE herring fishing on the North-east coast has been very heavy during the past fortnight. But though the fish has been very prime in quality, prices have been miserably low and unremunerative to the fishermen. Herring of excellent quality have been selling on the Tyne wholesale at from 1s. 3d. to 1s. 5d. for 128, as the hundred is reckoned in the trade. Large quantities have been sent by the dealers to London and the manufacturing districts. A great number of Scotch boats are fishing from the Tyne.

ACCORDING to the *Cologne Gazette*, Professor Huber has prepared a plan of organisation for the General Catholic Conference which is to meet next September at Munich. It will be submitted to the preliminary assembly at Heidelberg.

THE *Morning Post* says it is understood that the Speaker of the House of Commons will retire at the close of the present session, and that the right hon. gentleman will be raised to the peerage.

THE Pope still maintains in Switzerland a representative of the Holy See. The Swiss Ministers are, therefore, desirous of determining on what basis the relations between the Swiss Government and Rome are henceforth to be established.

CAPTAIN AUGUSTUS PHILLIMORE, naval officer in charge of naval establishments and stores at Gibraltar, has been appointed captain of the fleet and additional captain of the *Lord Warden* for temporary service.

THERE are now in the United Kingdom eighteen towns each with a population exceeding 100,000. Thirteen are in England, three in Scotland, and two in Ireland.

A ROME telegram says that out of the twenty-two municipal councillors elected on Sunday last seventeen belong to the Conservative party, and the remainder to the Monarchical party, the latter being in opposition to the present Administration.

THE bureaux of the French Assembly have agreed by 336 to 205 to a proposal of Baron de Ravinel permanently fixing the seat of Government at Versailles.

GENERAL VINOY expresses gratitude to the British nation for its liberal contributions towards the rebuilding of the Legion of Honour Palace.

THREE French armour-clad ships, the *Magenta*, the *Magnanime*, and *Revanche*, are getting ready for sea at Toulon, in view of possible complications in the East.

A SERIOUS quarrel has occurred at Poligny, in the Jura, between the Germans and the inhabitants. A Prussian soldier was found hung near the railway station, which exasperated the Germans occupying the town, who patrolled the streets all night, and while doing so two shots were fired, by which one man was killed, and another mortally wounded. The alarm was thereupon sounded, and the soldiers rushed upon the people and wounded a great number. Next day the Prussians occupied the town, and threatened to burn it, but desisted on the intervention of the authorities, who undertook to bring the offenders to justice.

AS there is some apprehension of the return of cholera, *Galignani* reminds its readers of the astonishing success achieved in 1865 at the Lunatic Asylum of Marseilles, by Dr. Lisle, who was the first to administer copper, so long recommended by Dr. Burg. Dr. Lisle's formula is:—Take of a solution of five parts in weight of sulphate of copper in 100 parts of distilled water, one gramme and a half (about thirty drops); add ten drops of Sydenham's laudanum, and four ounces of sugar and water. In dangerous cases administer one tea-spoonful of this draught every quarter of an hour; in middling ones, a table-spoonful every half hour; and in mild, the same every hour. He obtained twenty-one cures in twenty-six cases. In a communication to the French Academy of Sciences, Dr. A. Drouet states, on the authority of Dr. Tavel's experience in India, that, even at the commencement of the collapse, the patient may be saved by applying from thirty to forty grms. of a solution of castor oil in collodion on the abdomen with a brush. This mixture settles into a film which is waterproof; it immediately on that account causes perspiration on the covered region; vomiting and cramps are instantly stopped, and in the course of two hours the reaction is complete.

THE first prize medal at the Naples Exhibition was awarded to Messrs. Wm. Younger and Co., for superior excellence of their India pale and Edinburgh ales.

IT is announced in the *Swiss Times* that part of the suite of the Emperor Napoleon has already arrived at Arenenberg, and the servants state that they expect the Emperor almost immediately. They state that it is his intention to purchase several estates in the neighbourhood, one of which is that of Salenstein, on the Eugenenberg, now belonging to the Countess Reichenbach—Lessonitz.

THE Poplar and Stepney Sick Asylum is ready for occupation. The site of the new building is a strip of land facing the workhouse of the Stepney union, from which it is divided by the Tilbury and Southend Railway. The asylum consists of eight separate blocks. In the centre is the administrative block, consisting of the board-room, offices, chapel, kitchen, and store-rooms; and upon each side is a double pavilion and single pavilion, each separated from the block and from each other by a clear space of seventy feet. The building is certified by the Poor Law Board to contain 572 patients' beds. The cost of the site was £7,200; the cost of the building £45,065; and the cost of furnishing, £7,500.

AN exciting debate has taken place in the French Chamber on the motion of a member that the war contributions, requisitions, and damages of all kinds occasioned by the German invasion should be borne by the entire French nation. M. Thiers objected on principle to the motion, and proposed that the debate should be adjourned, in order that a committee appointed in each of the invaded departments should confer with the Government agents, and make a report upon the extent of the damage sustained. This suggestion was violently opposed by M. Buffet, a large landowner, who has greatly suffered by the invasion. He spoke with such virulence, and was so warmly applauded by the House, that M. Thiers became pale with rage, and replied with much severity amid some interruptions from members. Ultimately the debate was adjourned. A correspondent who was present in the House during the debate says he thought M. Thiers was about to resign on the spot, he seemed so angry.

THE new gunboats, the *Snake* and the *Scourge*, recently built at Chatham Dockyard, are now nearly ready for sea, and will shortly be ready for their official trial trips.

THE *Law Times* quotes a passage from the *Albany Law Journal* expressing surprise that the public press in England has refrained from commenting upon the Tichborne case. It says, "Had the case been on trial in this country every newspaper from Maine to Georgia would have resolved itself into a tribunal for a summary disposal of it on the merits. The rule that it is a contempt of court for a newspaper to discuss the merits of a case *sub judice* has so long remained in abeyance among us that the press have come to regard themselves as infallible arbiters in every cause, civil or criminal, worthy of their notice. This is an evil that we presume there is little hope of escaping so long as our judges depend for a renewal of their term of office on popular suffrage and newspaper influence."

AN address is being signed in Algeria to the governor of the colony dwelling upon the ruin which is occasioned by the insurrection, and expressing surprise that it has not yet been put down by the troops. The address also declares that the military staff is ignorant of its duties, and must be reconstituted, and the Arab bureaux be suppressed.

THE *Financier* says the prices of wheat in the provincial markets of France are advancing. An extending conviction that the harvest will prove insufficient, and the quality poor, has caused this upward movement; and in proportion as the deliveries fall off the demand has increased. Prices have not advanced in Marseilles, but they are firm at all the other ports. Moreover, the prices of butchers' meat of all descriptions are from 10 to 15 per cent. higher now than they were at this time last year, according to the monthly comparative tables just issued in Paris.

THE *Imparcial* states that the Spanish Minister of Finance has negotiated an issue of 300,000,000 reals of the Floating Debt, with interest at the rate of 10 per cent.

THE office of British consul at Para, Brazil, has become vacant by the death in that city, from yellow fever, of Mr. Henry William Hemans. The deceased gentleman was the fourth son of the late Captain Hemans, of the 4th Regiment, and Mrs. Felicia Dorothea Hemans, the celebrated poetess. Mr. Hemans was formerly consul at Buffalo, United States, and was removed to Para a short time since. The vacant office is of the annual value of £600, with an allowance of £120 per annum for office expenses.

THE Budget Committee of the French Assembly have voted in favour of a tax upon paper for journals to the amount of 30f. per 100 kilogrammes for Paris newspapers, and 20f. per 100 kilogrammes for country papers.

THE annual return, just issued, respecting the growth of flax in Ireland, shows that the only counties in which there is an increase are Dublin, which shows nine acres increase, and Queen's County seventy-seven. There is a net decrease in all Ireland of 38,146 acres, being about 18 per cent. decrease on the year. The greatest proportional decrease is in Connaught, which has decreased about two-fifths. The total average of flax this year in Ireland is 156,764 acres.

MAJOR HALL and Controller Connolly, replying to charges of grossly corrupt expenditure of the public funds preferred by the *New York Times*, publish a letter inviting the Chamber of Commerce to appoint a committee to examine the city accounts and report thereon.

THE chairman of a committee formed to raise a subscription to recoup Mr. Pook, senior, for the expenses he has been put to in the defence of his son, charged with murder, has sent a letter to the Home Secretary, requesting payment of the additional costs arising from the adjournment of the trial from June to July at the request of the Government, and also that a reward may be offered for the detection of the real murderer or murderers.

THE advices from Algeria are still of a serious nature. Numerous changes have been ordered in the staff of generals in Algeria, in consequence of the opposition of several among them to the wishes of Admiral Gueydon. The admiral's orders are badly executed, or not executed at all, by some of the commanding officers. General Wolff, it is said, will replace General Lallemand.

THE *Swiss Times* says that since the promulgation of the dogma of infallibility, eleven students of theology in Lucerne have given up their intention to devote themselves to Holy Orders, owing to their inability to subscribe to the new doctrine. Several students of philosophy also, who were destined for the same career, have adopted a similar course, and are now applying themselves to the study of law. The ecclesiastical authorities are greatly alarmed lest others should follow the example of these conscientious young men. There is no doubt that great difficulty will shortly be experienced in finding ministers to fill up the vacancies occurring, from time to time, in the canton, while there appears to be good reason to believe that these young students will found a new form of worship in opposition to the established religion of the State.

UNDER the title of "Alexandra Palace and Muswell Hill Estate, Tontine," certificates representing 850,000 guineas are about to be issued, which will entitle the holders, in proportion as they may possess a single certificate of one guinea or any larger number, to participate in the various objects of the institution, or to take their share of the entire property of the palace and grounds of 498 acres, should they, fifteen years hence, be among the surviving holders. Under an elaborate but ingenious plan framed for the purpose, each subscriber will have several options as to the mode in which he may obtain a return for his investment, and be virtually guaranteed against loss. The trustees and board of directors consist of experienced persons familiar with the management of London properties and of public establishments, and it may be hoped that the result of their arrangements will be to furnish to the population of the north of the metropolis a place of resort as attractive as that on the other side at Sydenham.—*Times*.

THE League of Peace and Liberty will hold its next Congress on the 25th of September at Lausanne. The question of Alsace and Lorraine will be one of the subjects discussed. In the address which the promoters of the Congress have issued they call upon their fellow-citizens to come from every part of Europe, and from every quarter of the globe, to assist in destroying the seeds of hatred which have been disseminated by the war, and to unite in order to obtain the definitive victory of right over might by reason, science, and labour.

THE ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—A new entertainment, written by Arthur Sketchley, will be produced at this popular place of amusement on Monday next. "A Sensation Novel," in consequence, will be withdrawn to-day, after a run of 186 performances. The success of "A Sensation Novel" may fairly be attributed to the clever satire of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and the admirable manner in which the present entertainment is sustained by Mr. and Mrs. German Reed and the talented company at their command.

PATENT TEETH ON SOFT GUMS.—Mr. WILLIAM J. WATSON, Surgeon Dentist, 16, Newhall Street, Birmingham, begs to inform the inhabitants of the Midland Counties that he is the SOLE INVENTOR and DISCOVERER of a new system of fixing PATENT TEETH on SOFT GUMS, and he being the actual Maker, is enabled to supply Teeth *at about one-third the usual charges*. Single Teeth from 3s. 6d. each; Sets from £2 10s., including all charges. Perfectly fitted at one visit. Attendance daily from nine a.m. till eight p.m. Consultation free. [164

TO CLEAN A SILK DRESS.—Use Archer's improved Colloid, as advertised on page 364. This article is also invaluable for washing prints, muslins, and all coloured frocks or dresses for spring and summer wear. [361

FACEACHE, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOREUX.—ADAM SMITH'S NEURALGINE effects a certain cure.—Depôt, 39, Ann-street. Sold by all Chemists; and Gare, Green, Bagott, of Dudley. [107

Mr. Edgar, Butt Lighthouse, Island of Lewes, writes to Sir James Matheson, November 23, 1869:—"Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for sending the Neuraline; it proved the most successful lotion she has ever applied. The relief experienced is almost instantaneous." Neuraline, applied externally, cures Tic Doloreux, Neuralgia, Toothache, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, Gout, and all nerve pains. Prepared by Leath and Ross, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere-street, W.; and sold by all patent medicine vendors, in bottles, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each. [448

OAKEY'S WELLINGTON KNIFE POLISH.—Old knives cleaned constantly with this preparation bear a brilliancy of polish equal to new cutlery. Can be used with any kind of knife-board or knife-cleaning machine. Retail packets 3d. each, and tins 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. each. Wholesale, Oakey and Sons, Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, Blackfriars, London.

SILVER, ELECTRO PLATE, &C., TO CLEAN AND PRESERVE.—*Oakey's Non-Mercurial Silversmiths' Soap* is guaranteed to be free from mercury or any other injurious ingredients too often used in the manufacture of plate powder. Tablets 6d. each, by all grocers, ironmongers, brushmakers, chemists, &c. Wholesale, Oakey and Sons, Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, Blackfriars, London. [309

NOTICE.—At the conclusion of the Contracts for Illustrated Advertisements now in course of fulfilment, no other Block Advertisements will be published in this Journal.

CUBIT'S ELIXIR OF STRENGTH.—A Cure for INDIGESTION, WIND, SPASMS, HEADACHE, BILIOUS LIVER COMPLAINTS: removing all Eruptions, Pimples, Freckles, and restoring to the pale countenance a beautiful, clear, healthy, and blooming appearance. Sold in cases at 33s., 22s., 11s., 4s. 6d., 2s. 9d., and small size 1s. 1½d. each, by Barclay, Farringdon Street; Kernot, Chrisp Street, Poplar; Butler, 4, Cheapside; Sanger, 150, Oxford Street; Edwards, 38, Old Change; and all Chemists. Any size sent free safely by post on receipt of stamps by Dr. CUBIT, 6, Chrisp Street, Poplar, London, E. [298

CARPETS, CURTAINS, CABINET FURNITURE.

GEO. DIACK, 212 & 213, OXFORD STREET, W., invites public attention to his Stock of Carpets, comprising all the manufactures for Dining-Rooms, Libraries, Drawing-Rooms, and Chambers; to a unique collection of Silk Fabrics from the most approved Factories of Lyons and Spitalfields.

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NOW OPEN to SUBSCRIBERS and the PUBLIC generally for
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Subscribers' Tickets may be had at the Lodge, Reservoir-road.
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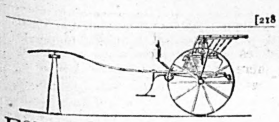

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MATHER'S ORIENTAL ROSE CREAM, extracted from the choicest rose-leaves, removes scurf, strengthens and imparts a gloss (without the use of pomades) to the hair, and prevents baldness, even restoring the growth in many cases which appear hopeless.—Sold by all chemists in bottles at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. each.—WILLIAM MATHER, 14, Bath Street, Newgate St., London, E.C.; 19, Hanging Ditch, and 106, Chester Road, Manchester.

MATHER'S ROYAL BALSAMIC PLAISTERS (as supplied to the Army and Navy at Scutari Hospital).—Sold by all chemists at 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d., and 8d. each. Caution: Every plaister has the proprietor's signature, trade-mark, and address on the back.

MATHER'S IMPROVED INFANTS' FEEDING BOTTLES, WITH EARTHENWARE FITTINGS. The cheapest ever introduced, and universally admitted to be the most simple, cleanly, and durable.—Sold by all Chemists, at 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. each.

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STANTON'S CELEBRATED COUGH PILLS are universally acknowledged to be the best for the speedy cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Influenza, Bronchitis, Consumption, and all diseases of the chest and lungs.—W. MATHER, 14, Bath Street, Newgate Street, London, and 109, Chester Road, Manchester. In boxes at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.

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ABSTRACT FROM REPORTS OF 1870 AND 1871, SHOWING THE PROGRESS OF THE COMPANY.

1870.		1871.
£36,165 8 10	Gross Fire Income	£55,139 2 0
27,554 3 4	Nett Fire Premiums	45,243 16 10
13,111 11 1	Losses	22,766 17 7
7,555 10 6	Balance of Profit and Loss Account	12,336 11 2
17,067 10 4	Accumulated Funds (Fire and Life)	26,869 14 2
68,492 10 4	Invested Funds, including Paid-up Capital	78,294 14 2

APPLICATION FOR AGENCIES INVITED.

FRED. J. HALLOWS, *Manager.*
May, 1871. [370

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PYRETIC SALINE

Is noted for making a most invigorating, vitalising, and refreshing draught, that has proved the best preventive of SMALL POX, and Headache, Sea or Bilious Sickness; it quickly cures the worst form of Eruptive or Skin Complaints, and the various diseases arising from Constipation, the Liver, or Blood Impurities, Inoculation, the results of breathing air infected with Fevers, Measles, or other and contagious poisons, *are Cured and Prevented by its Use.* Sold by all Chemists and the Maker. In Patent Glass Stoppered Bottles at 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s. and 21s. each. NOTICE MY TRADE MARK, AND BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS.

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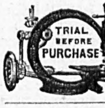

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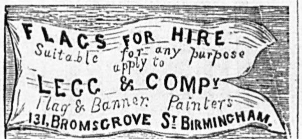

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Are the most popular medicine known for all bilious affections, liver and stomach complaints, and indigestion, as proved by thousands.

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FINE Flavoured Strong BEEF TEA, at about 2½d. a pint. Ask for LIEBIG COMPANY's EXTRACT of MEAT, requiring Baron Liebig the Inventor's Signature on every jar, being the only guarantee of genuineness.

Excellent economical stock for soups, sauces, &c. [234

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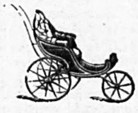

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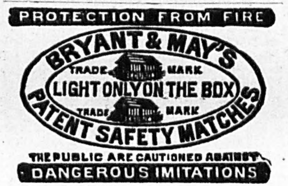

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Together with Mark Lemon's last Song, his revised text of Falstaff, and Portrait in Costume (Reprinted with additions from the *Gentleman's Magazine*).

"'With a Show in the North' is a reprint—most elegantly turned out—of Mr. Joseph Hatton's papers which appeared originally in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, descriptive of his tour through the provinces with the late lamented Mark Lemon, during his Falstaffian entertainment. The book abounds in quaint anecdotes and touching memories, and is written with ease and simplicity which distinguishes the author of 'The Tallants of Barton.' One reads the book at a sitting—and one puts it down with a sigh. We are all indebted to Mr. Hatton for this memorial volume."—*Fun*, April 8.

"Mr. Hatton's interesting reminiscences of Mark Lemon."—*Illustrated London News.*

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LONDON AND COUNTY BANKING COMPANY.—Established 1836. Subscribed capital, £2,500,000, in 50,000 shares of £50 each. Paid-up Capital, £1,000,000; Reserve Fund, £500,000.

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Thos. Stock Cowie, Esq.
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Frederick Harrison, Esq.
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James Morley, Esq.
William Nicol, Esq.
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General Manager—William M'Kewan, Esq.
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Inspectors of Branches—H. J. Lemon, Esq., and C. Sherring, Esq.
Chief Acountant—James Gray, Esq.
Secretary—F. Clappison, Esq.

HEAD OFFICE, 21, LOMBARD STREET.
Manager—Whitbread Tomson, Esq.
Assistant Manager—William Howard, Esq.

At the Half-Yearly General Meeting of the Proprietors, held on Thursday, the 3rd August, 1871, at the City Terminus Hotel, Cannon Street Station, the following report for the half year ending June 30, 1871, was read by the secretary—

WILLIAM CHAMPION JONES, Esq., in the chair.

The Directors, in presenting to the Proprietors the balance sheet of the Bank for the half year ending the 30th of June last, have the satisfaction to report that, after paying interest to customers and all charges, allowing for rebate, and making provision for bad and doubtful debts, the net profits amount to £90,100 16s. 8d. This sum, added to £4,349 0s. 8d., brought forward from the last account, produces a total of £94,449 17s. 4d.

They have declared the usual dividend of 6 per cent., with a bonus of 3 per cent., for the half year, free of income tax, being at the rate of 18 per cent. per annum, which will absorb £90,000, and leave £4,449 17s. 4d. to be carried forward to profit and loss new account.

They have to announce the retirement of their esteemed colleague John William Burmester, Esq., from the direction, on account of advanced age, and the election of Frederick Youle, Esq., in his stead.

The dividend and bonus, together £1 16s. per share, free of income tax, will be payable at the head office, or at any of the branches, on or after Monday, the 14th inst.

BALANCE SHEET.
Of the London and County Banking Company, 30th June, 1871.

DR.		
To Capital paid up		£1,000,000 0 0
To Reserve Fund		500,000 0 0
To amount due by the Bank for customers' balances, &c.	£14,405,287 15 2	
To liabilities on acceptances, covered by securities	2,640,138 5 9	
		17,145,426 0 11
To profit and loss balance brought from last account	4,349 0 8	
To gross profit for the half-year, after making provision for bad and doubtful debts, viz.:	251,931 6 2	
		256,280 6 10
		£18,901,706 7 9
CR.		
By cash on hand at Head Office and branches, and with Bank of England	£2,130,797 4 3	
By cash placed at call and at notice, covered by securities	2,131,464 11 0	
		£4,262,261 15 3
Investments, viz.:		
By Government and guaranteed stocks	1,400,764 15 9	
By other stocks and securities	145,102 7 6	
		1,545,867 3 3
By discounted bills and advances to customers in town and country	10,061,582 2 2	
By liabilities of customers for drafts accepted by the Bank (as per contra)	2,640,138 5 9	
		12,701,720 7 11
By freehold premises in Lombard Street and Nicholas Lane, freehold and leasehold property at the branches, with fixtures and fittings		245,735 9 10
By interest paid to customers		38,220 6 3
By salaries and all other expenses at Head Office and branches, including income tax on profits and salaries		107,901 5 3
		£18,901,706 7 9

Dr. PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.	
To interest paid to customers, as above	£38,220 6 3
To expenses	107,901 5 3
To rebate on bills not due, carried to new account	15,708 18 0
To dividend of 6 per cent. for half-year	60,000 0 0
To bonus of 3 per cent.	30,000 0 0
To balance carried forward	4,449 17 4
	£256,280 6 10
Cr.	
By balance brought forward from last account	4,349 0 8
By gross profit for the half-year, after making provision for bad and doubtful debts	251,931 6 2
	£256,280 6 10

We, the undersigned, have examined the foregoing balance-sheet, and have found the same to be correct.

(Signed) WM. JARDINE,
WILLIAM NORMAN,
RICHARD H. SWAINE, } Auditors.

London and County Bank, July 27, 1871.

The foregoing Report having been read by the Secretary, the following resolutions were proposed and unanimously adopted:—

"1. That the report be received and adopted, and printed for the use of the shareholders.

"2. That the thanks of this meeting be given to the Board of Directors for the able manner in which they have conducted the affairs of the Company."

(Signed) W. CHAMPION JONES, Chairman.

The chairman having quitted the chair, it was resolved, and carried unanimously:—

"3. That the cordial thanks of this meeting be presented to William Champion Jones, Esq., for his able and courteous conduct in the chair."

(Signed) P. P. BLYTH, Deputy Chairman.
(Extracted from the Minutes.)
(Signed) F. CLAPPISON, Secretary.

LONDON AND COUNTY BANKING COMPANY.—Notice is Hereby Given, that a DIVIDEND on the Capital of the Company, at the rate of 6 per cent. for the half-year ending 30th June, 1871, with a bonus of 3 per cent., will be PAID to the proprietors, either at the Head Office, 21, Lombard Street, or any of the Company's branch banks, on or after MONDAY, the 14th instant.

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